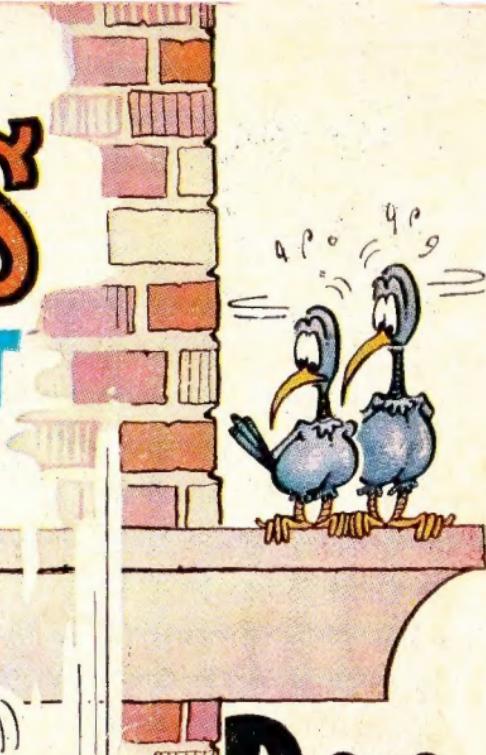


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Don Martin DROPS 13 STORIES !

WRITTEN
AND
DRAWN
by
DON MARTIN



"THE LETTER" and "MOSQUITOES" written by
Don Martin and E. Solomon Rosenblum

A SIGNET BOOK



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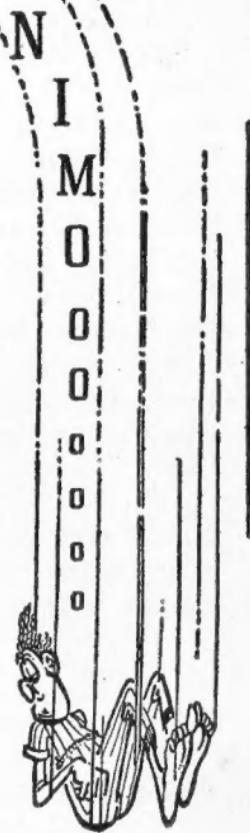
FEELING JUMPY?

Try yelling "GERO"

...and then dive
right into these
pages...as MAD'S
Maddest Artist...

**DON
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13
STORIES**

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Hello, rugged and handsome! I hope you're not offended at my barging in like this— but I hear danger is your business and I have a little **proposition** to talk over with you!



Sorry, Slim... but I can't talk about anything with this gorilla of yours holding a gun on me!





FESTER BESTERTESTER



In a Story of
MYSTERY and INTRIGUE



“

**“THE
KILLER”**

**“THE
KILLER”**

Monday morning . . . A lousy Monday morning
like all the others . . . the stench of crime
still hangs in the air . . . the people
sleep, unknowing of the cesspool of vice and
corruption that stalks them by night!
But one man knows . . . Our man . . .
Fester Bestertester! Tough private eye!!
Champion of TRUTH, DECENCY,
and the AMERICAN WAY!!



You better think it over and
think fast, Bestertester . . .
my boys play pretty rough!



ONESIES!

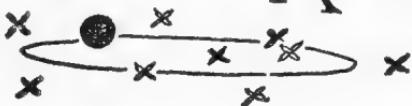
TWOSIES!

ONESIES!

TWOSIES!



THOOK
ZAK
SPLAK KWOP



Please!! His name's **Monty** and he doesn't like being called a gorilla! He's **sensitive**... something about his childhood.

Oot-greet.



My name is Lauren Lipschitz. My father happens to be J. C. Lipschitz—perhaps you've heard of him. There's a certain letter Daddy wants to get and he's willing to pay an extremely high price for it.

No dice, baby!



Yeah? Well, I've got a couple of
pretty tough babies myself
waiting right outside the door.





Monty... perhaps you had better use a
little **persuasion** on our friend!

ook-ook! eek-eek!

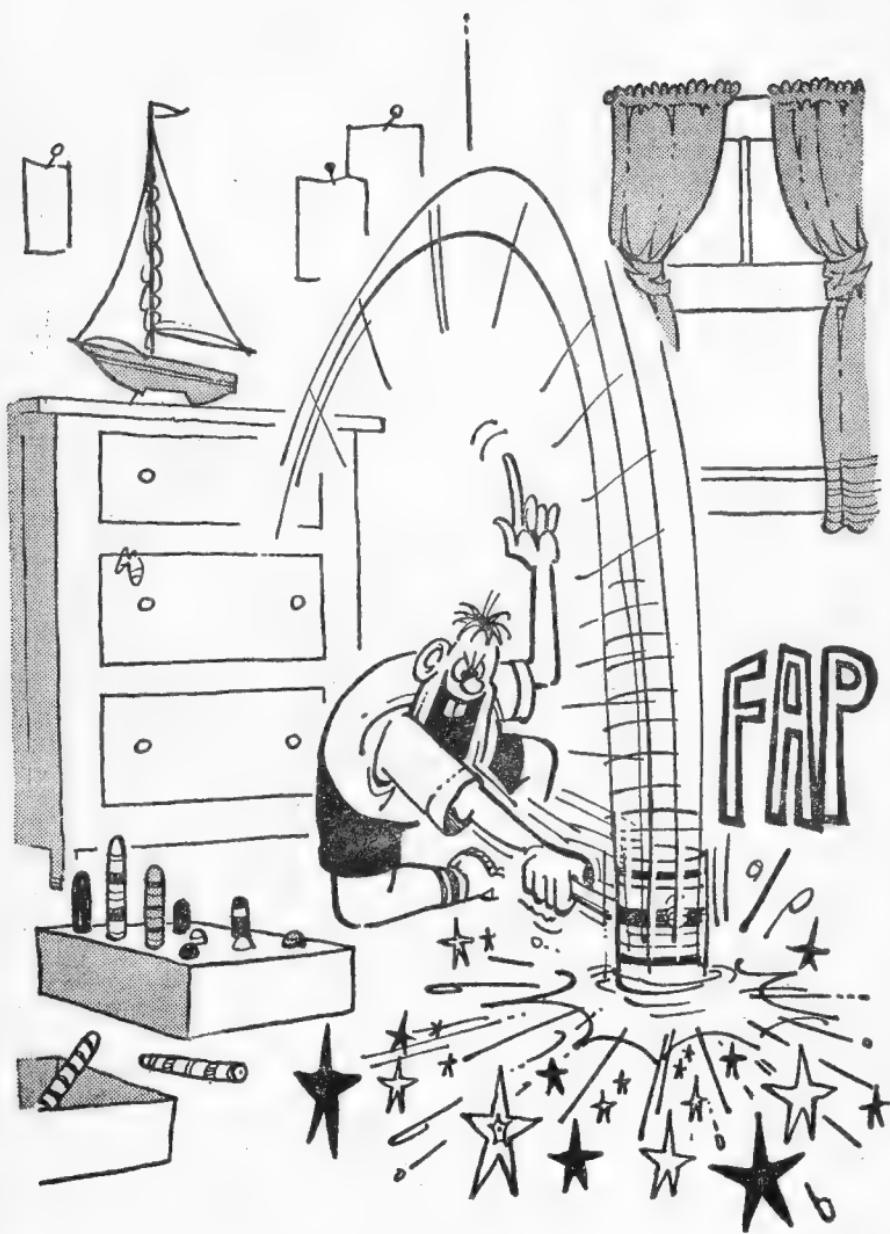
















Well, we can't get him out of
here looking like this, Monty...
fix him up a little, will you?

Ook!



SKREE-SKRAW *

* + * SKREE-SKRAW

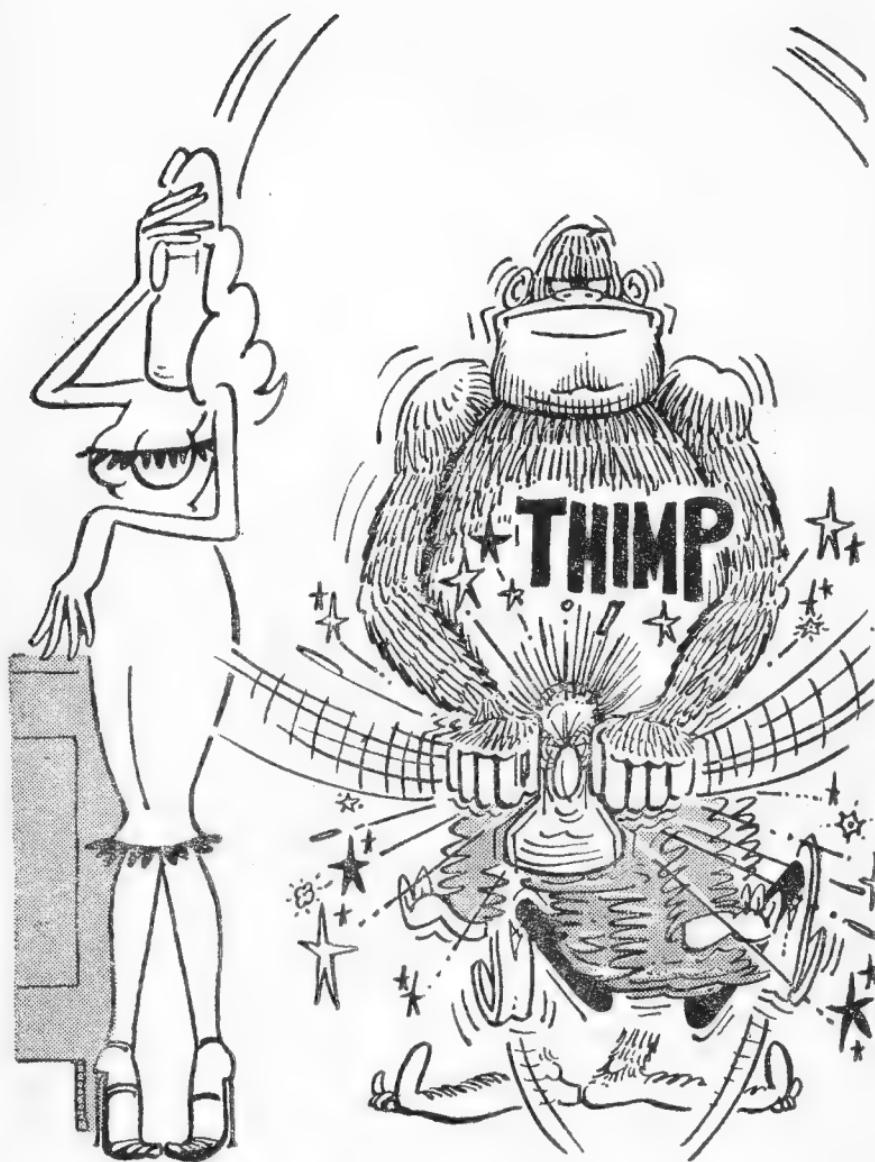
SKREE-SKRAW **



There! That does it!







I guess you finally fixed him, Monty...
let's get him out of here.

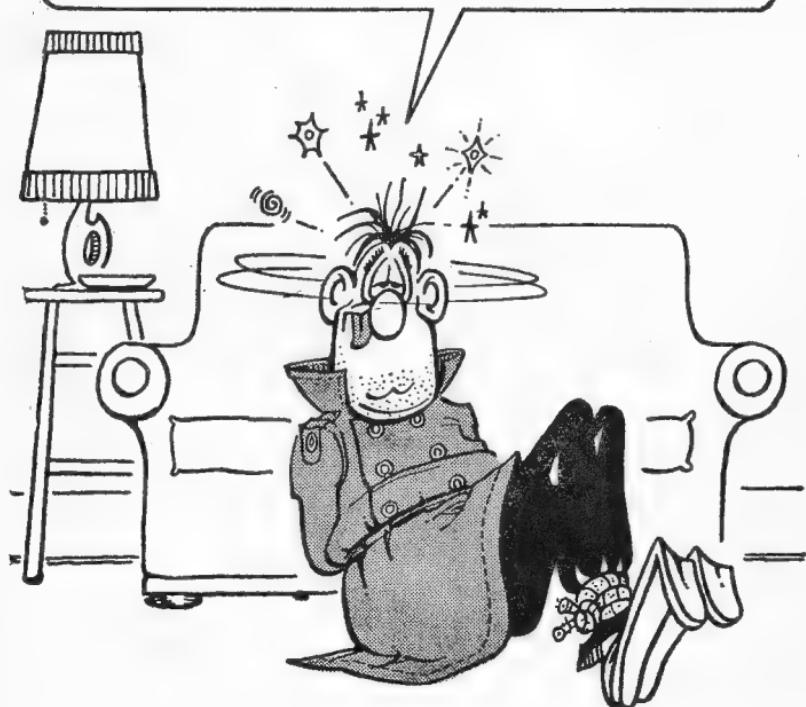
Oogle-glit.





LATER

Ohh! My head! Feels like I was whacked with a gun butt... a bump rose seven feet through a hole in the ceiling and was whacked back down with a wooden mallet. My nose and ears feel like they've been unmercifully manhandled by an ape and my backbone feels like it grew a tail! Ever have that feeling?



**AHA! A phone!! My only chance
to get out of this mess!**

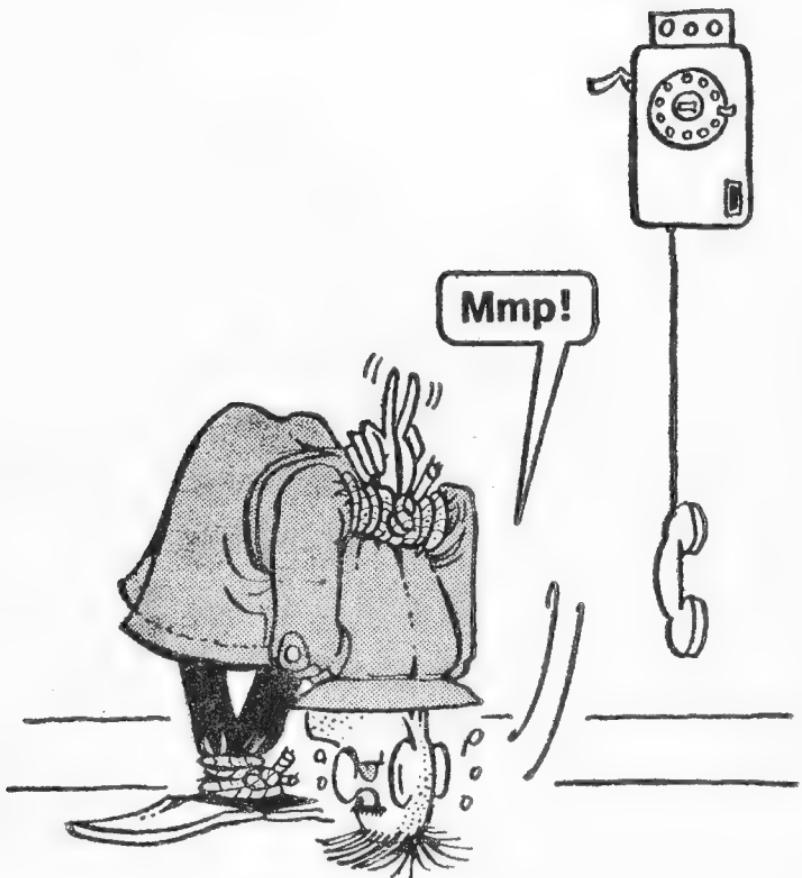




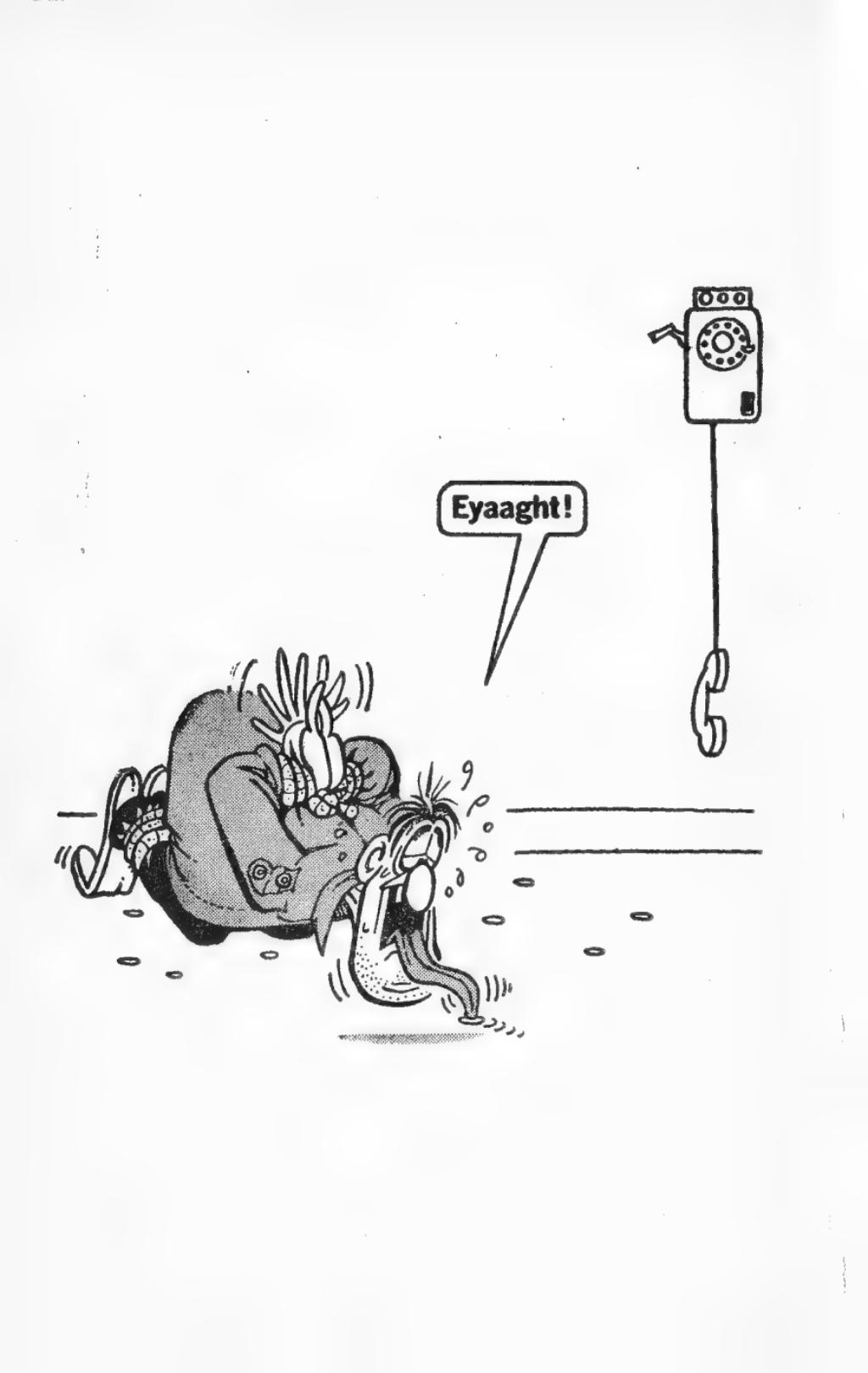
I've got to... agh... ugh...
make it to that phone... mmp!











Eyaaght!



Ech...gecht!



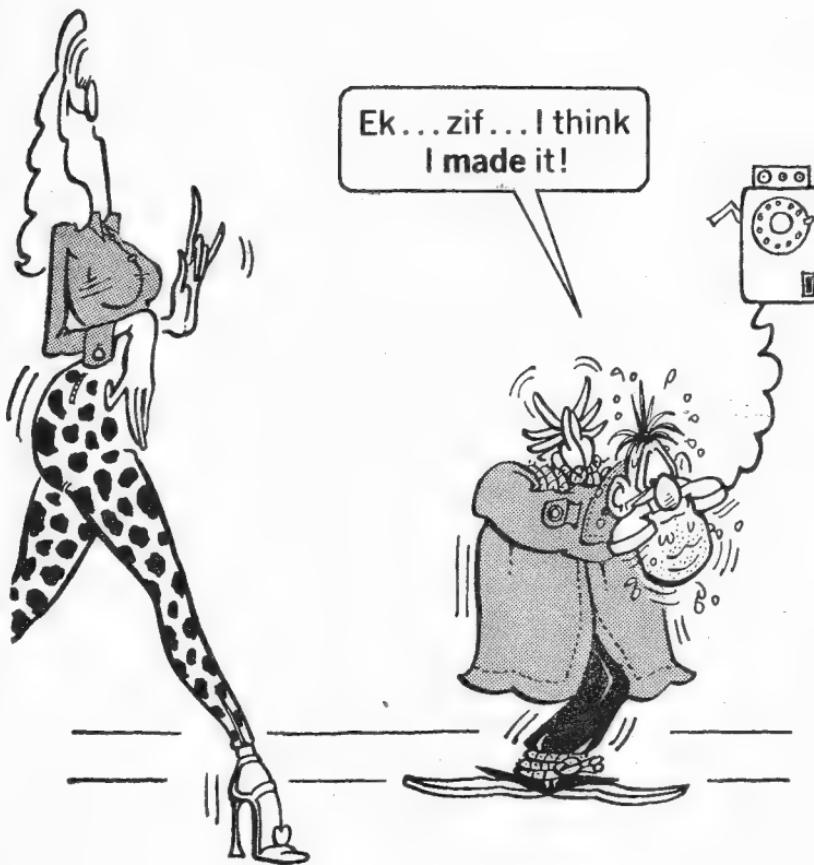






ZICKAZICKAZICKAZICKAZICKAZIK

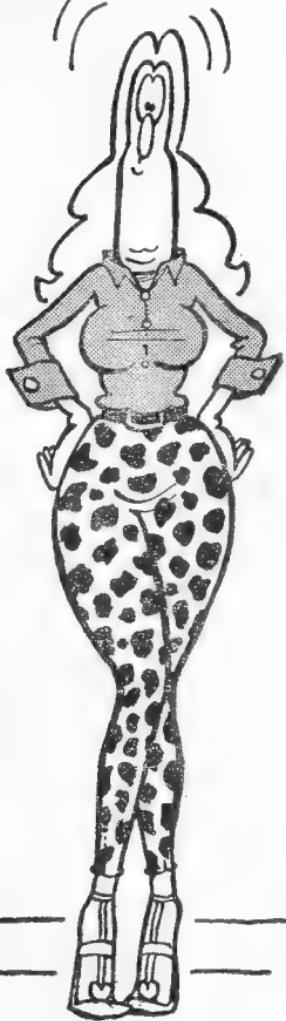




Whew!...Hello, operator?!?
Get me the police!!



You can dial that number direct, sir...
redeposit the coin and dial—
1-907-085-9899-6072.



I couldn't stand to see you suffer like
that, Bestertester... I like your kind...
you're the quiet type.

Quiet enough, blue eyes.



Mmm... and clever too!
I guess you've been around!

Around enough,
classy tomato.



**Say! You really are quite clever!
How do you manage all those
snappy, off the cuff answers?**



I manage, doll.



Oooh! Stop it honey! You're tearing
me to pieces!! One more of those witty
remarks and I'll be yours, body and soul!
What have you got to say to that?!?



F. Bestertester. Medium starch.
Deliver on hanger by Thursday.



All right, beautiful, let's cut out the cute stuff and get down to cases. I know you want me to get the letter for you but I also know that Brodie was working for the "big boy" at the same time that Menelli left town!



What I can't figure out is why Brodie hired Kahill to do his **dirty** work for him. If Kahill had the goods on Cromwell, why did Menelli start muscling in on Benny's territory?



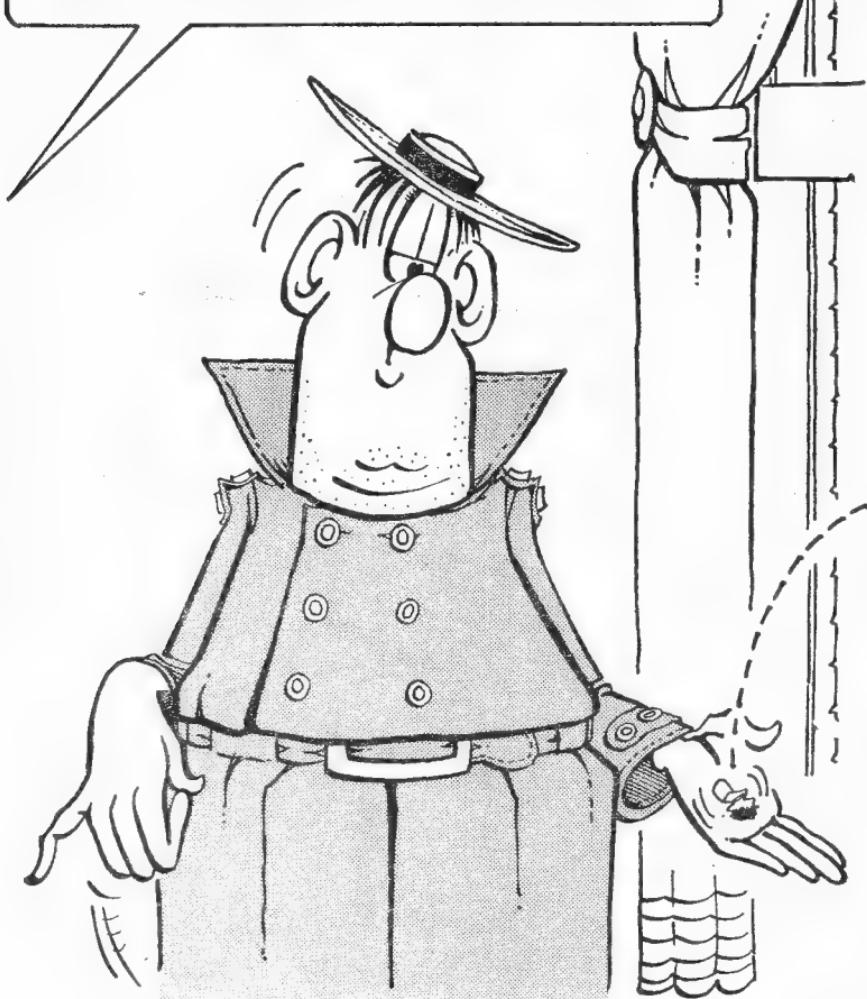
Because Benny knew that Jimmy the Greek was
in for half of Brodie's stakes! Naturally
that's where the little redhead comes in.



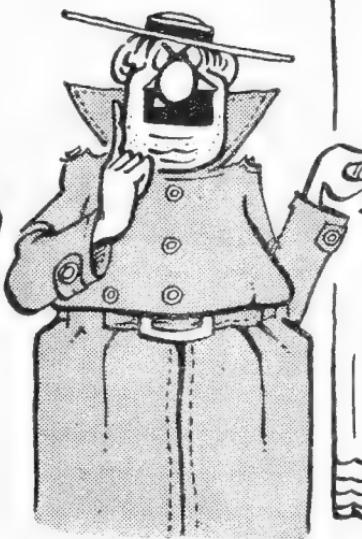
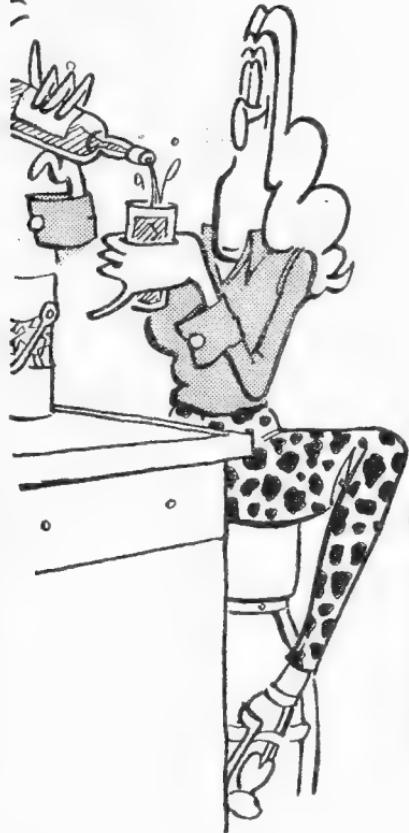
But then why would "the fat man" raise all the stink about the letter? If he was afraid Kahill would bankroll Glick, why did he contact Cromwell?



Because Menelli was BUTTING heads with
Jimmy the Greek! He knew the Greek would
BUTT out if he ever found that the red head
was BUTTering up the "big boy," and
there's no ifs, ands, or BUTTS about it!!



Well, all I know is there's
something fishy about all this
but it hasn't hit me yet.





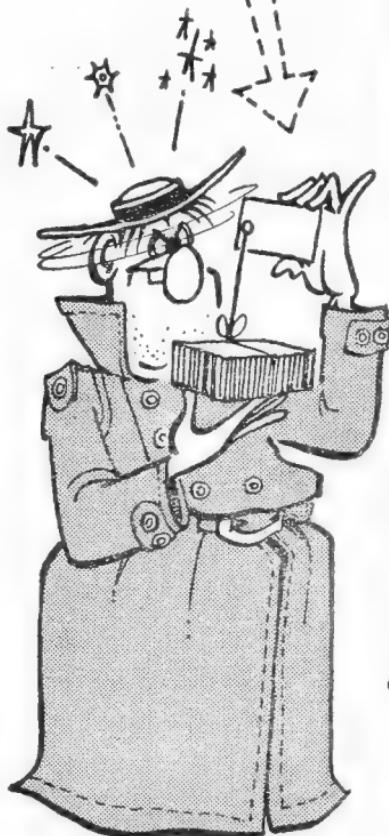
It's probably just a frame up. If Carlucci knew that Kahill had been in Chi with Fonebone, why didn't he know that Cromwell had a finger in the pie?





Because that way, Jonesie could have
put the bite on "the fat man" and
loused up the entire syndicate!

mmmm
!!



In other words, Dee-Dee isn't really Cromwell's niece after all! But where do you fit in? If Brodie knew Menelli was gunning for him, why didn't the "big boy" just spill the beans?!?



You've asked enough questions for today, bright boy... Here's your final answer!





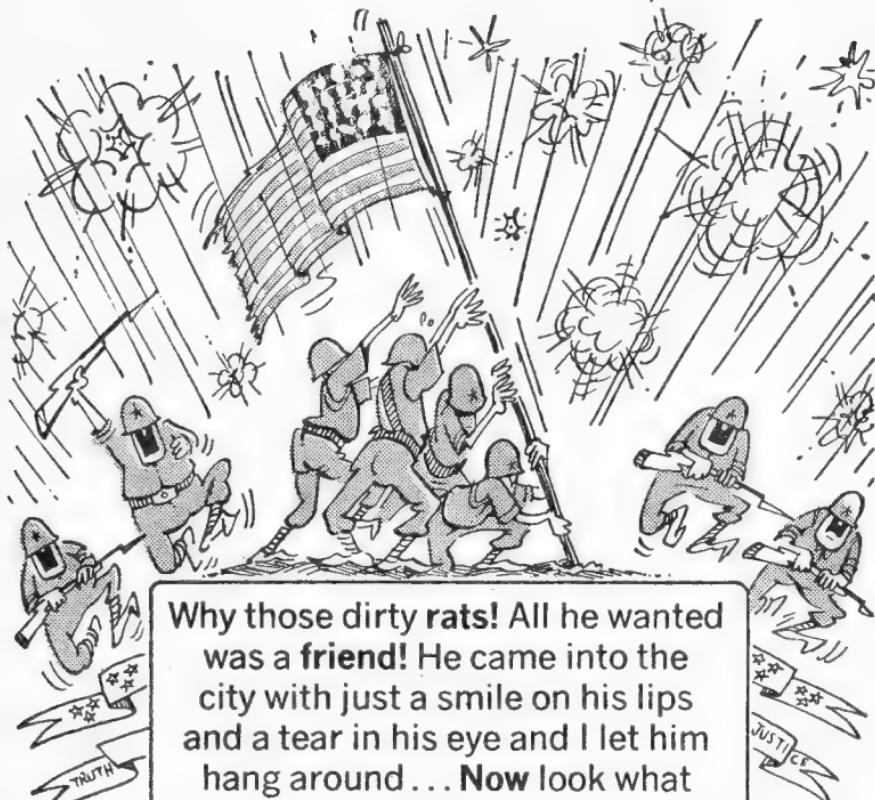
Ack...Gack...Mr. Besttester!!!

Why, it's Frankie,
the kid!!



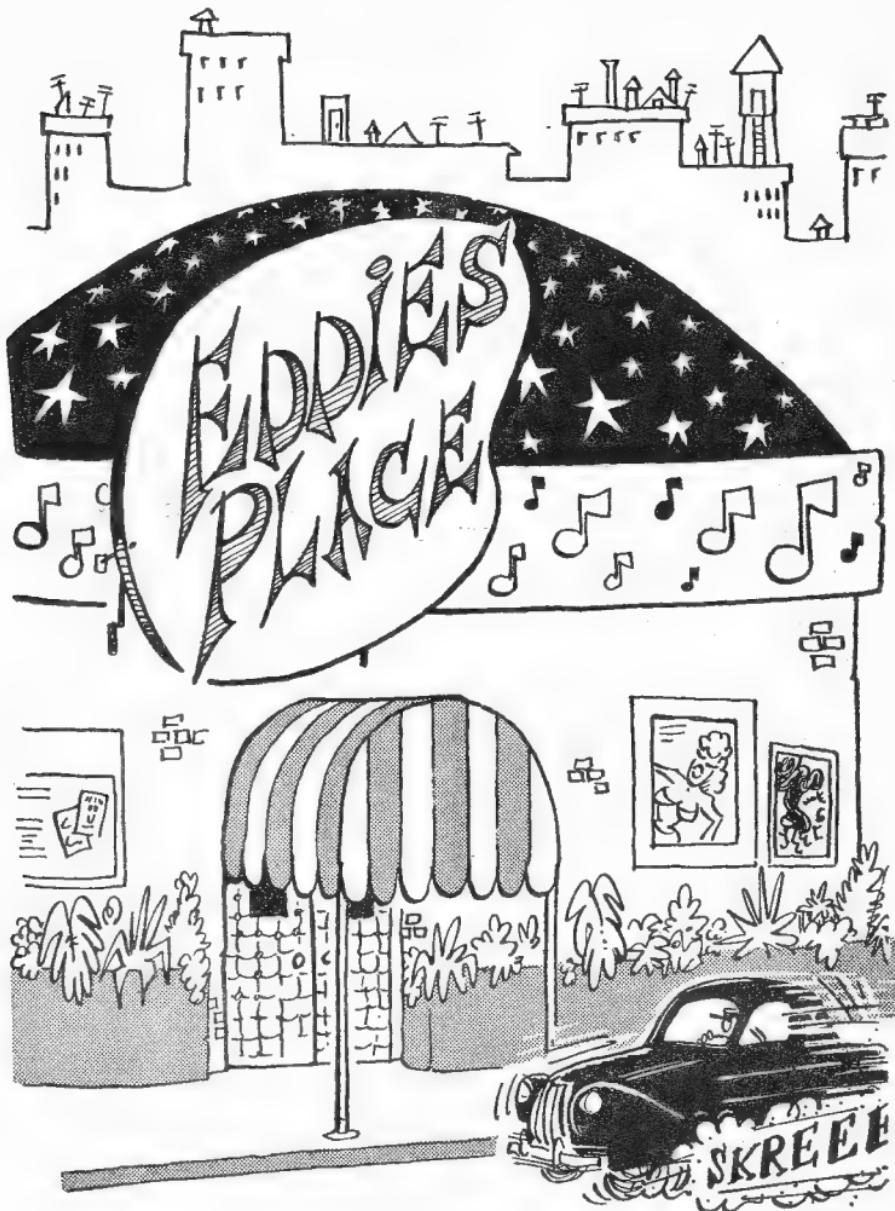
Gasp...kapf..."the fat man"...choke
retch...Eddie's Place...flak...gak...
the letter...aaarrgh!





Why those dirty rats! All he wanted was a friend! He came into the city with just a smile on his lips and a tear in his eye and I let him hang around... Now look what they've done to him!!!







The name's **Bestertester**, friend!!
Fester Bestertester!! Tell "the
fat man" I want to see him!!!



I'm sorry but "the fat man" is in his
steambath and cannot be disturbed.
However, you are cordially invited
to have a special drink of the
house while you wait.



TEN
HOURS
LATER



**Listen, pal! Are you trying to tell me "the
fat man" is still in his steambath?!?
What do you take me for, some kind of idiot?!?
NOBODY stays in a steambath that long!!**



I must apologize for my delay, Mr. Bestertester,
But I find lengthy steambaths quite
necessary in adding a touch of grace and
refinement to an otherwise mundane existence.
Permit me to introduce myself, sir.....



I am "the fat man."



Won Hung! Mr. Bestertester is our...
SPECIAL... guest tonight, therefore I
think it would be in "good taste" to fix
him our... **SPECIAL**... drink of the house!



I've already given him a number of...
SPECIAL...drinks, boss. You want I
should give him... **THE ... SPECIAL** drink?!!

Precisely, Won Hung! **A Very SPECIAL**
drink for our... **SPECIAL** ... friend!!



Here you are, sir... the special drink of
the house, compliments of "the fat man."

Come, drink it down, my boy!

Well, all right.





PEW

PoING

FREE

RIP

GOINT



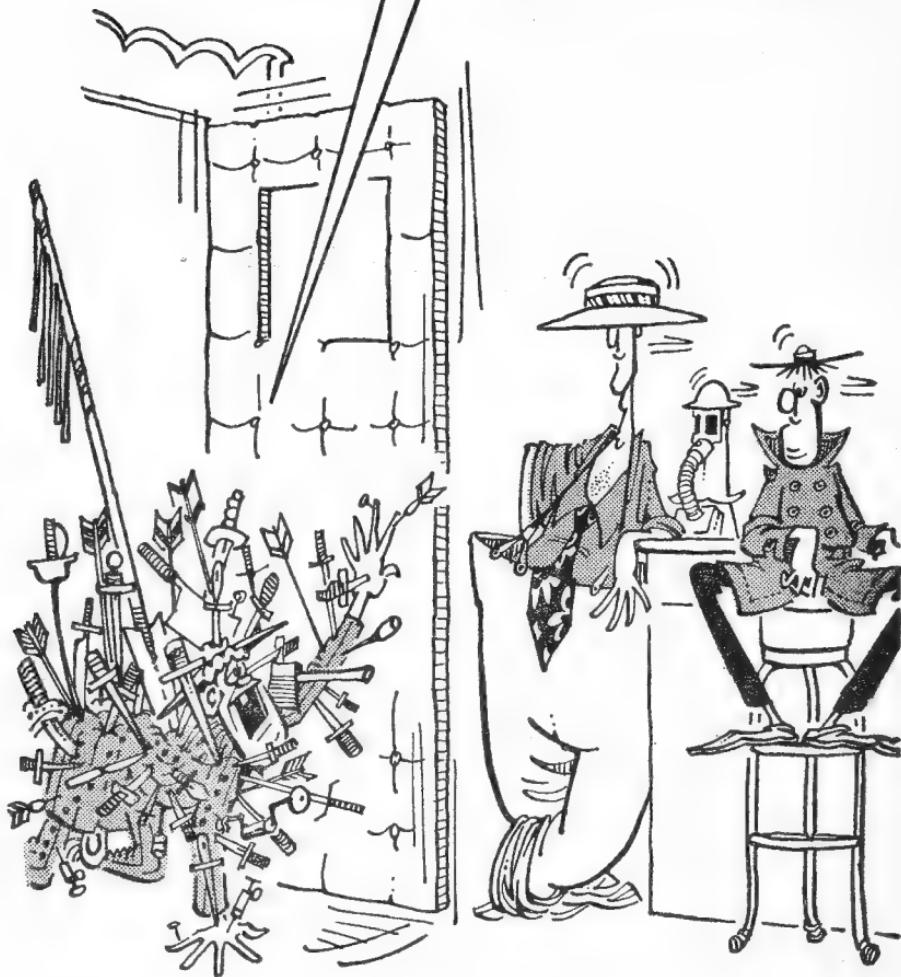
Pardon me, handsome...
have you got a light?







Agh... Gish... Mr. Bestertester!!!





**Bestertester!! You had better
not open that letter!!**



I'm attempting to reason with you, sir...
DON'T OPEN THAT LETTER!!!

You better do as he says,
friend... **DON'T OPEN IT!!!**





**YAAAH!!!
HE OPENED IT!!!**

FLOT

Eddie's Place
2016 Fonebone Blvd.

Dear Sirs:-

At exactly 2:05 A.M. May 28, 1965,
the guarantee on your ten ton steel
and concrete dome roof expires.

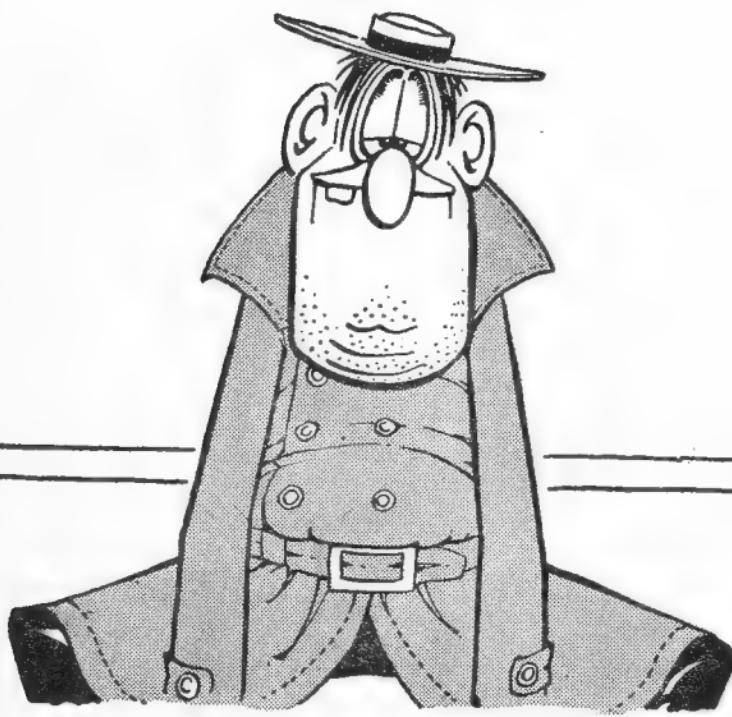
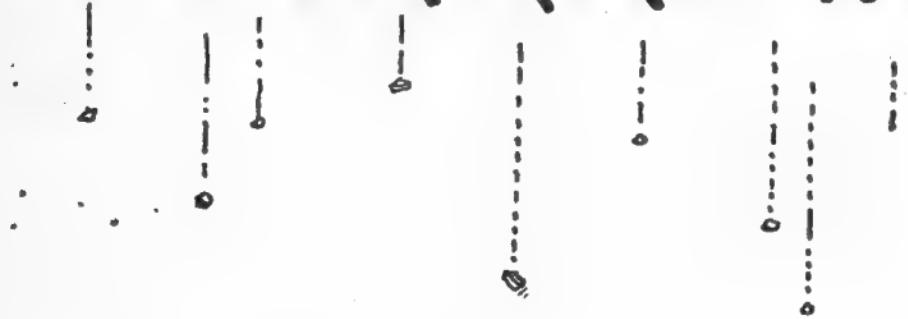
Very Cordially yours,
Acme Ten Ton Steel and
Concrete Dome Roof Co.

Frank B. Smith Jr.

Pres.

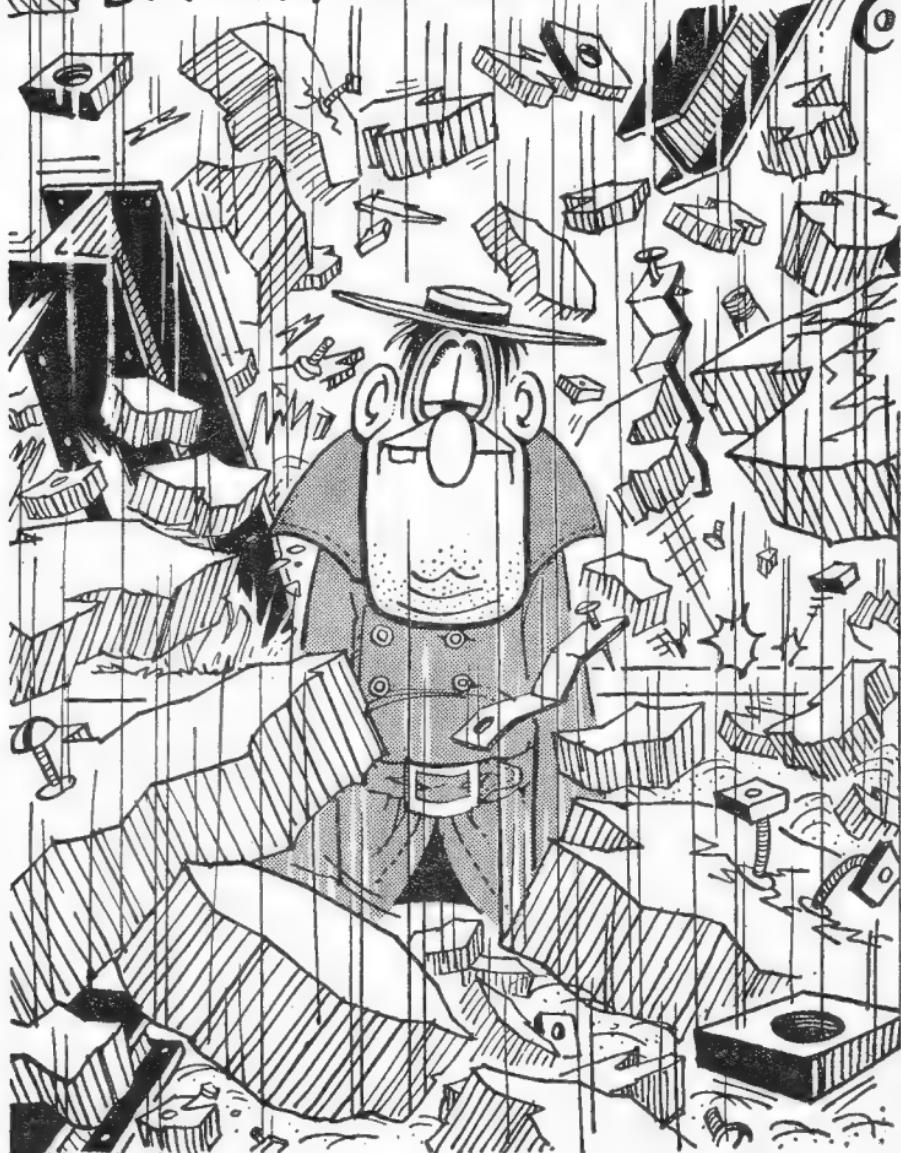


KKKKKKKKCHK



FLOON

-BRUGA- BRUGA- BRUGA-







KLANG



A SHORT COMMERCIAL



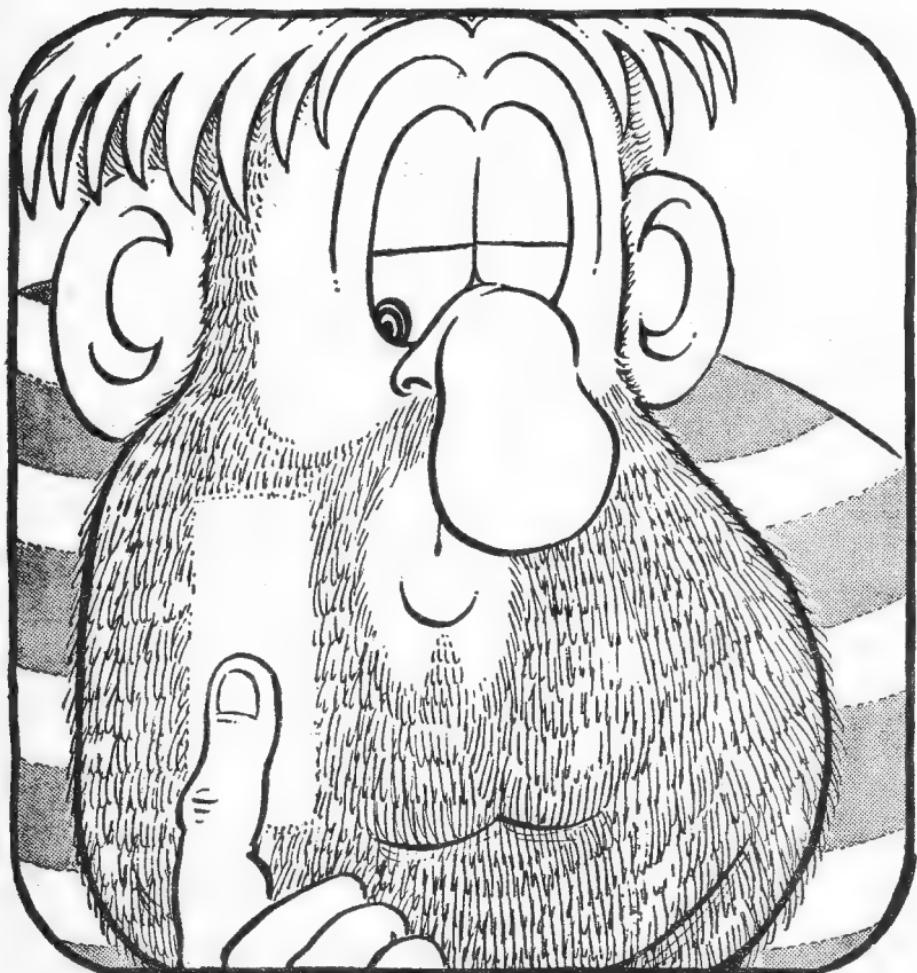
Hi folks! This is Art Freen once again,
with the "tough beard of the day"
demonstration... done right here on
the streets of New York.

As you can see, we've again chosen the toughest, thickest, most bristly beard we could find... and we will again show you how the amazing MICRO-GLINT razor can shave these whiskers without ANY lather... and without ANY water!

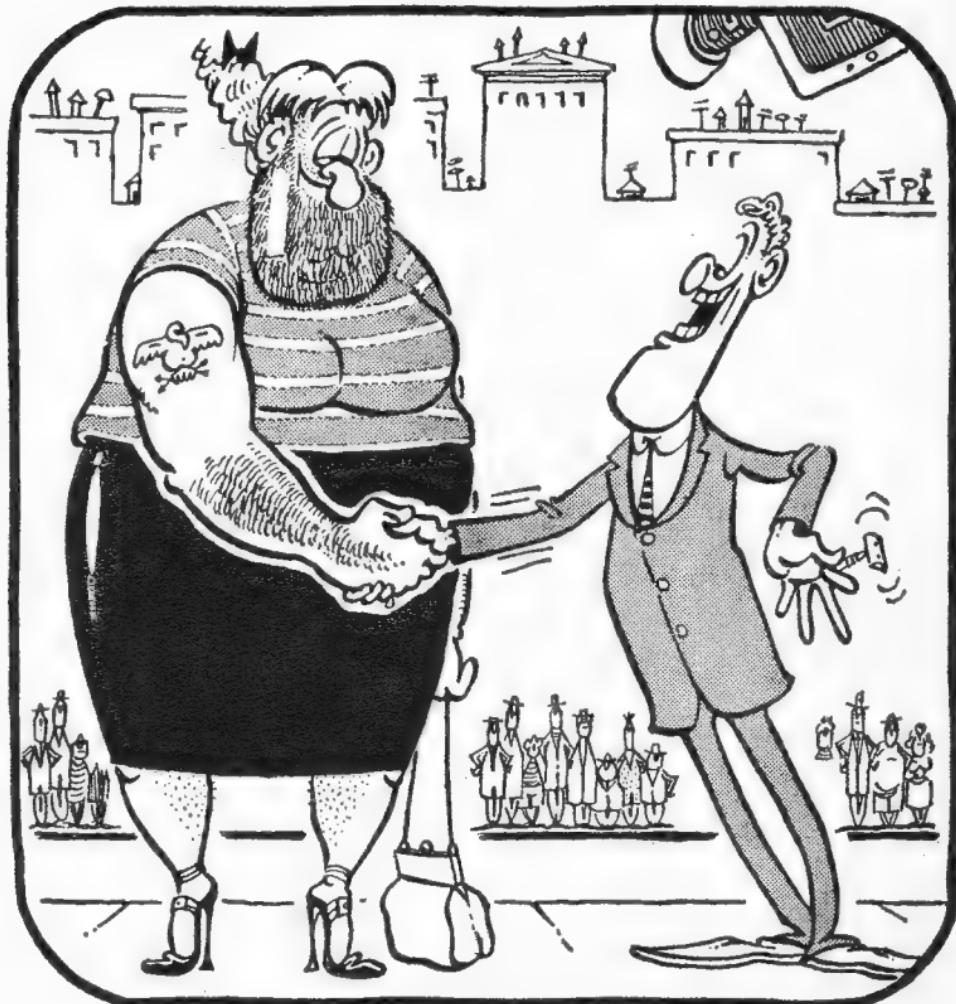




And there you have it, folks! The toughest
beard of the day, whisked off as easy as
shaving a peach with but ONE swipe
of this fantastic razor!

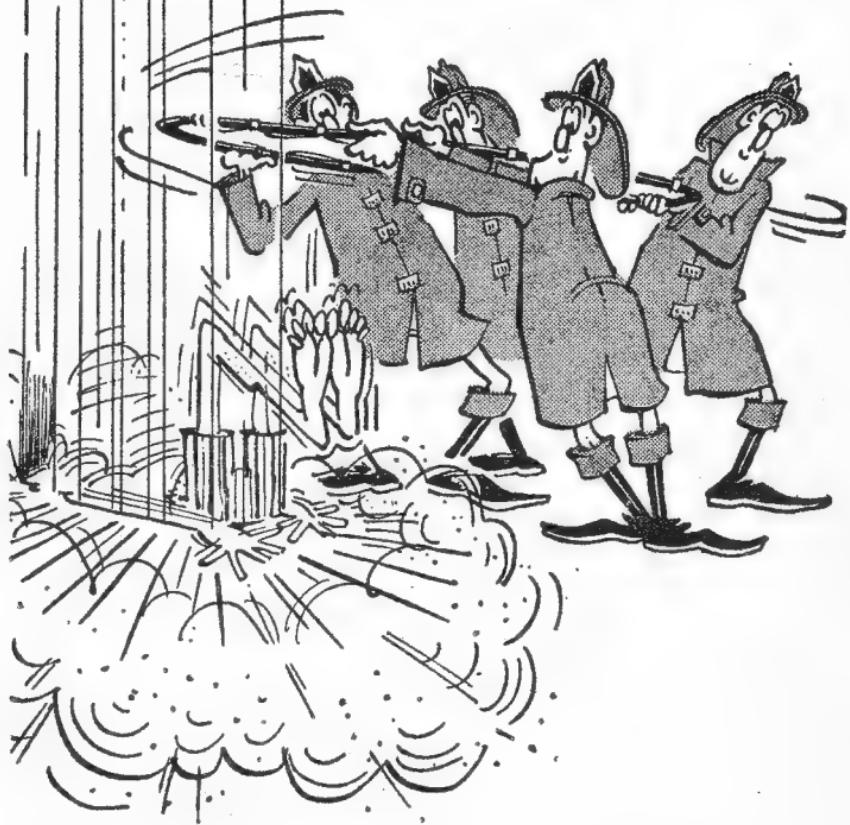


We wish to thank Mrs. Otis P. Frimp of 2213
Glen Ave. Queens for being our good sport
for today. Thank you, Mrs. Frimp, and good luck.



THE GREAT HOTEL FIRE

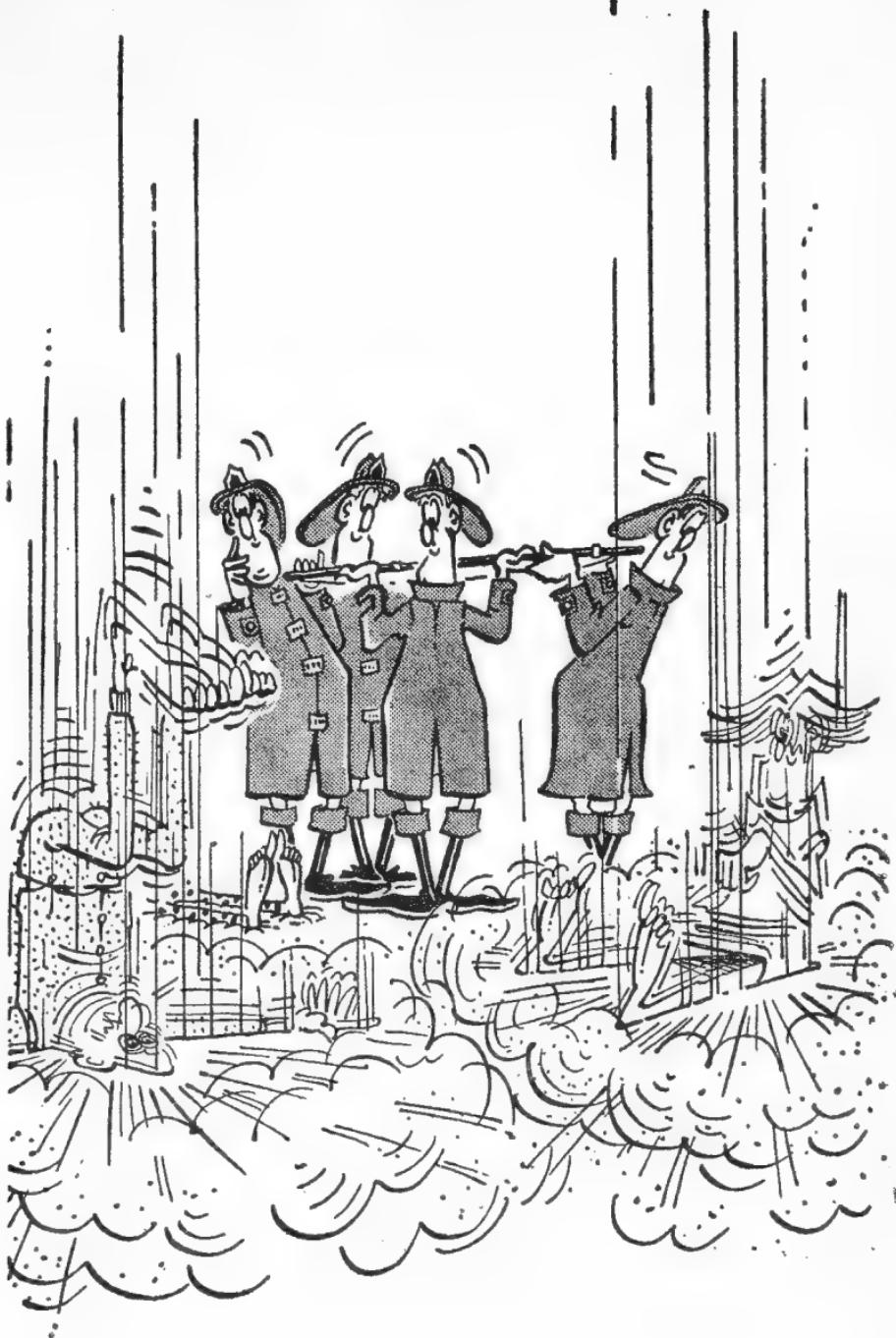


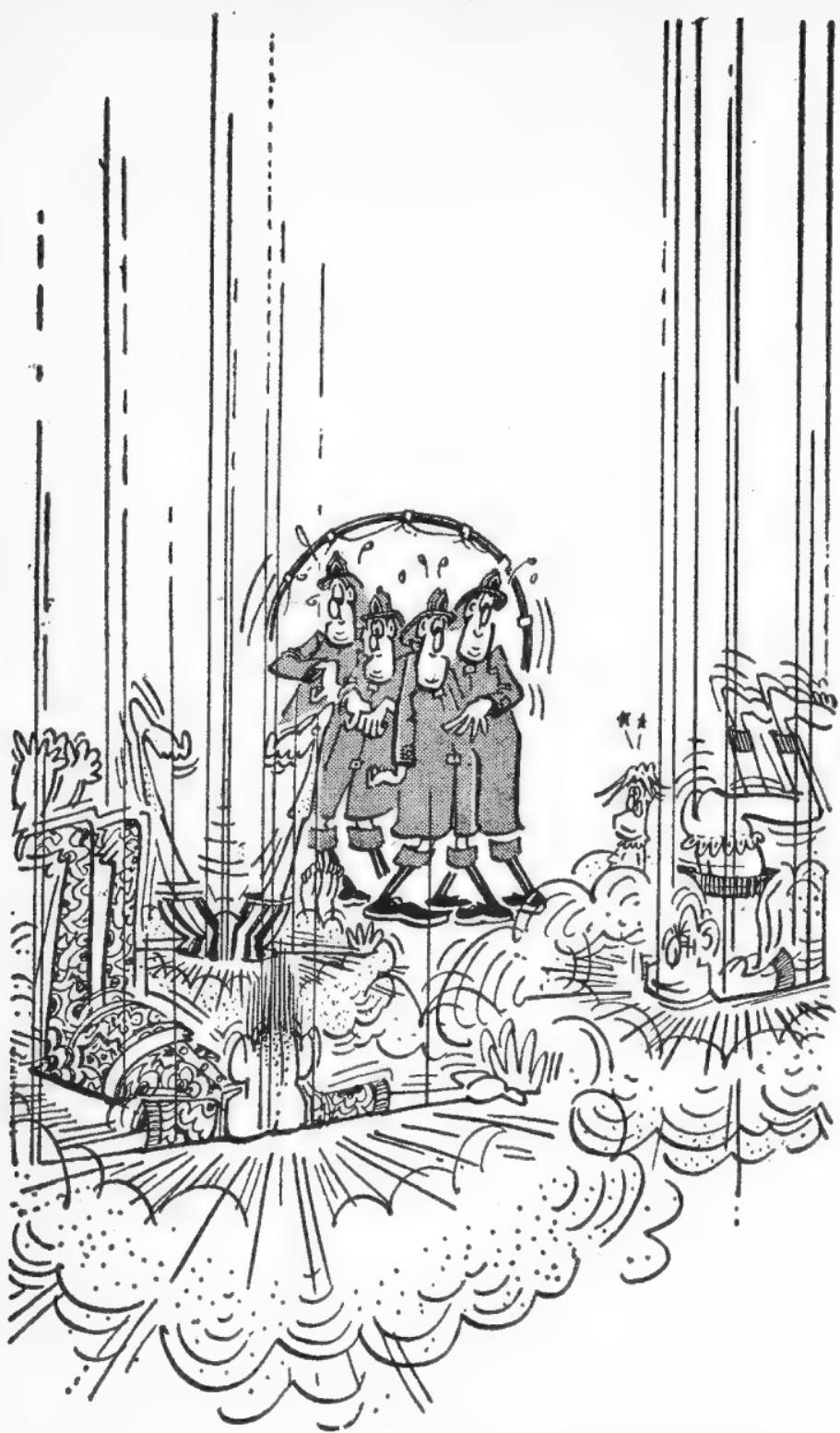


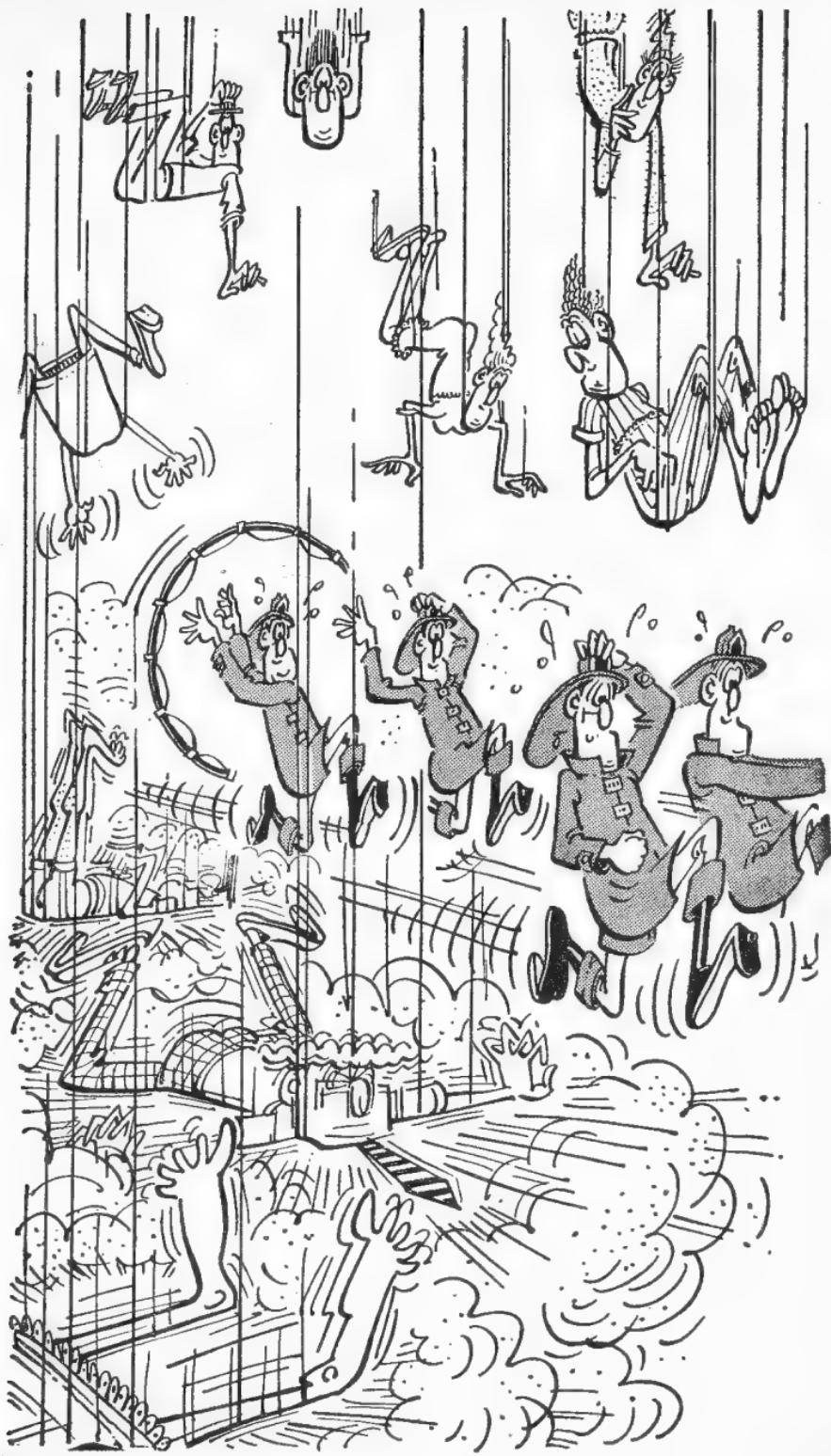












THOSE NASTY LITTLE HAIRS















A JOHN AND MARSHA STORY

Marsha! Say you will marry me or I will
hurl myself off this precipice!



But . . .



**John! John! Wait, John !!
You forgot your glasses !!**



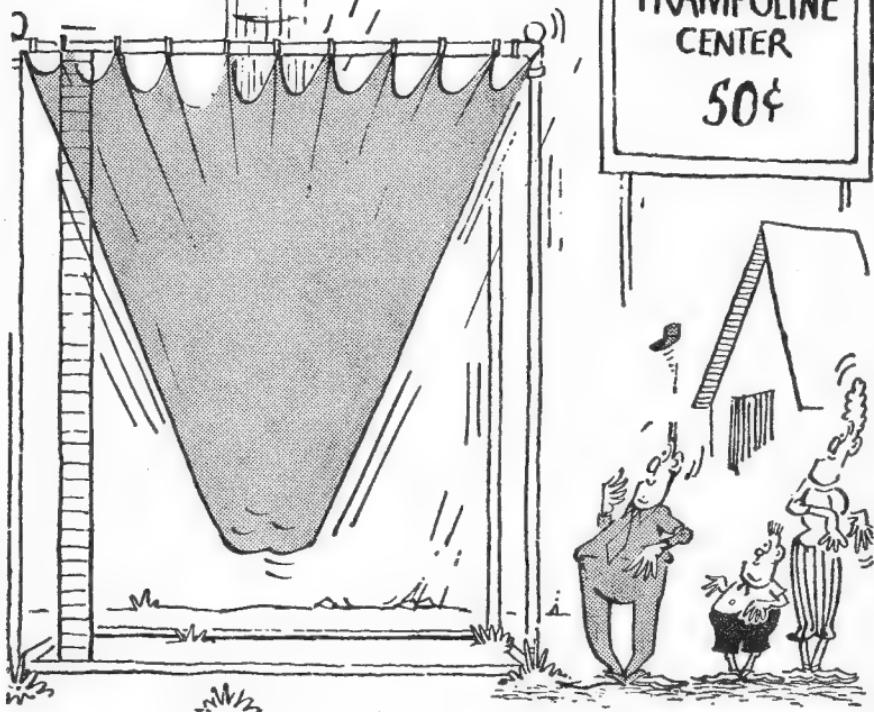
That wasn't me you were talking to, John I'M Marsha!!!



PWAF

PC, 2A

RAVINE
TRAMPOLINE
CENTER
50¢







Marsha!





Oh, Marsha!





Will you marry me, Marsha?



No, John!!

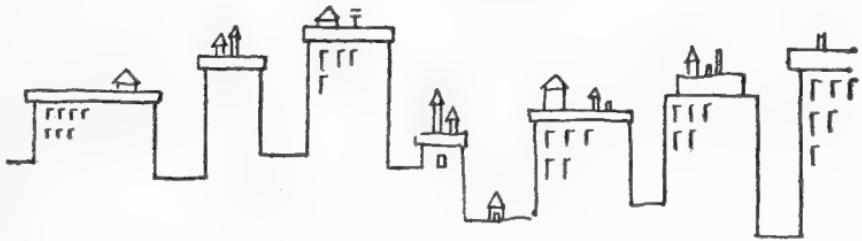
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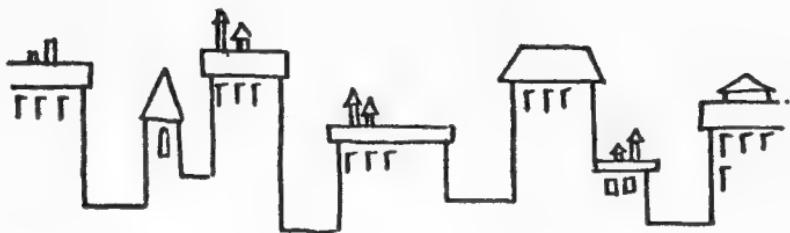
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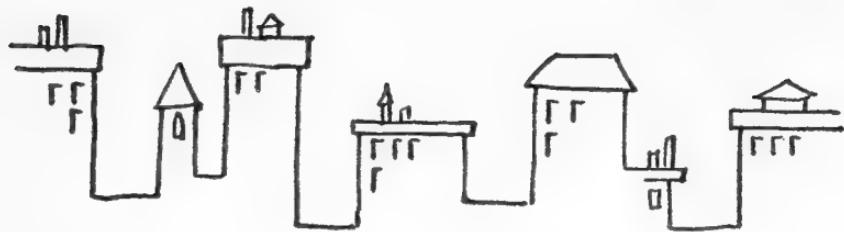
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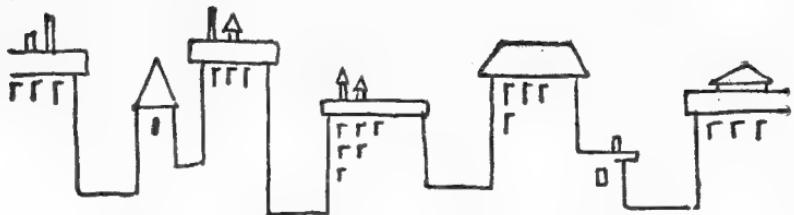


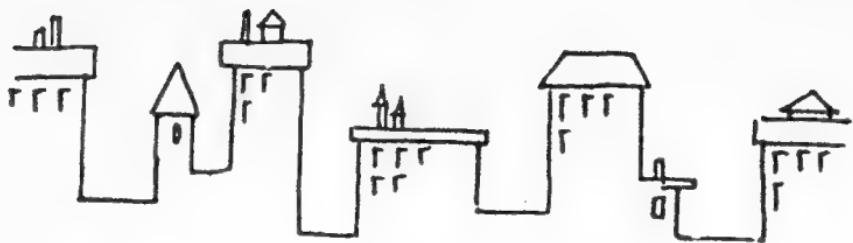
ONE FINE DAY











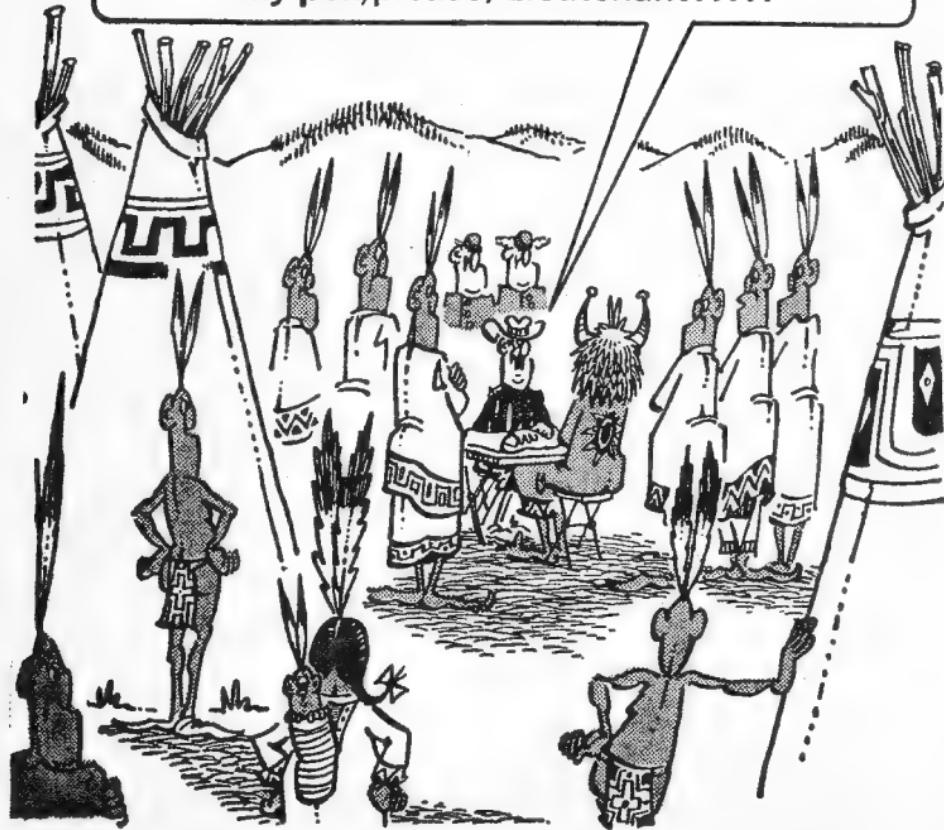






THE GREAT INDIAN TREATY

And with the signing of this document, our
two great nations will live together in
peace! May nothing thwart these aspirations!
My pen, please, Lieutenant.....



This is indeed an historic moment!





A SKID ROW STORY





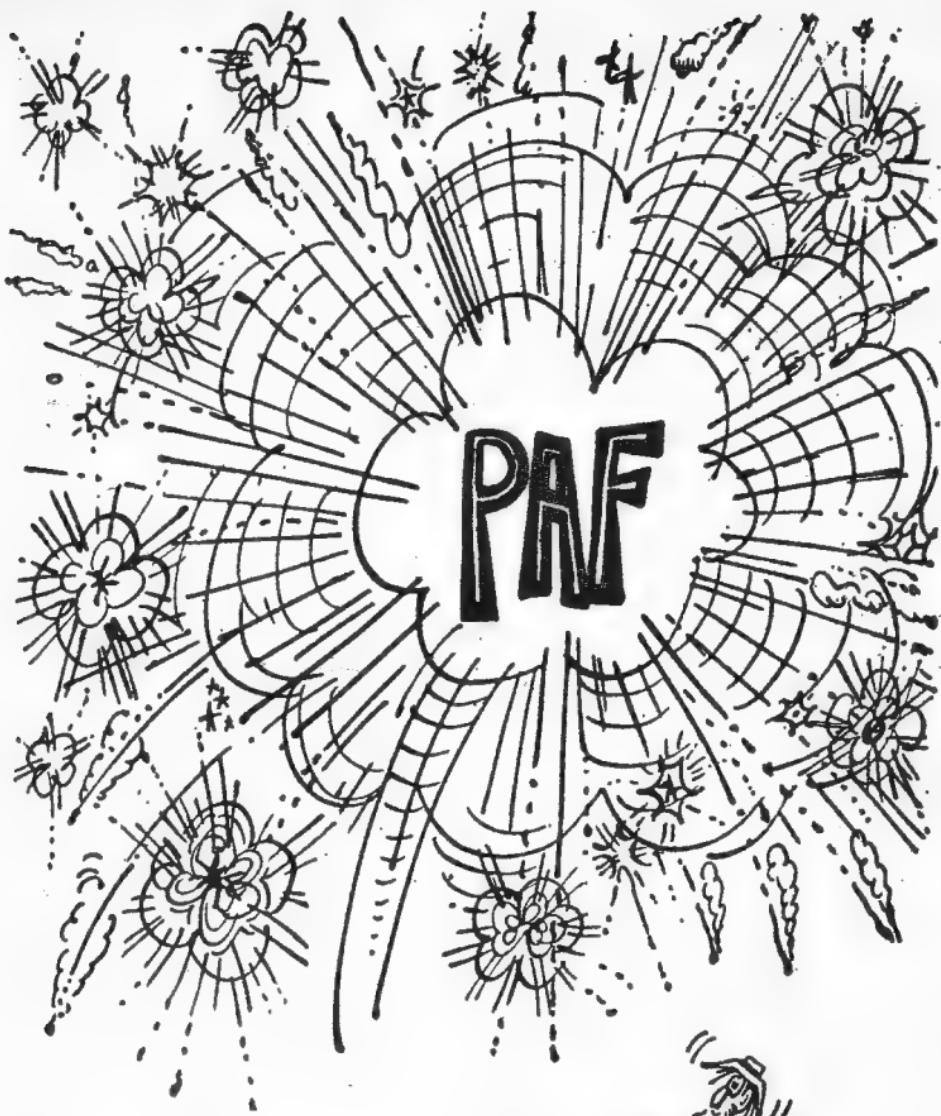
GLUKLUKLUKLUK











BOOM



WAKE UP
AMERICA

ABOLISH DRUG ADDICTION



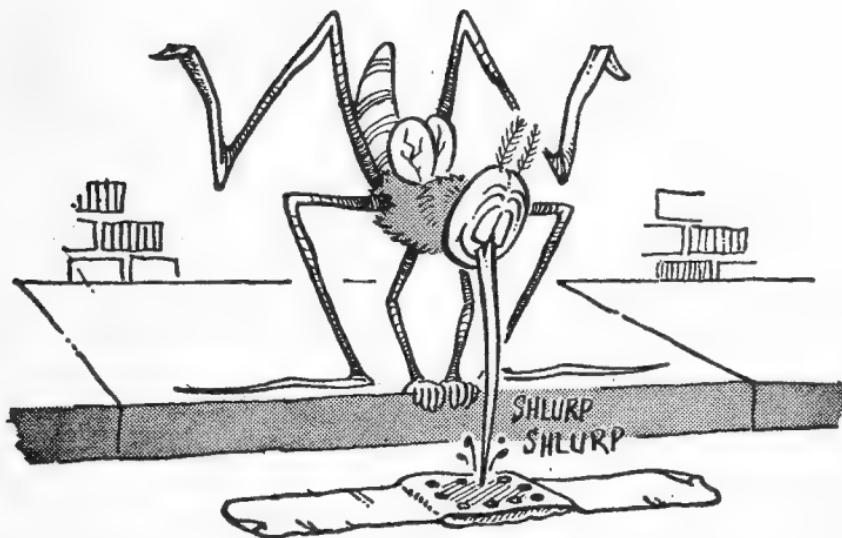




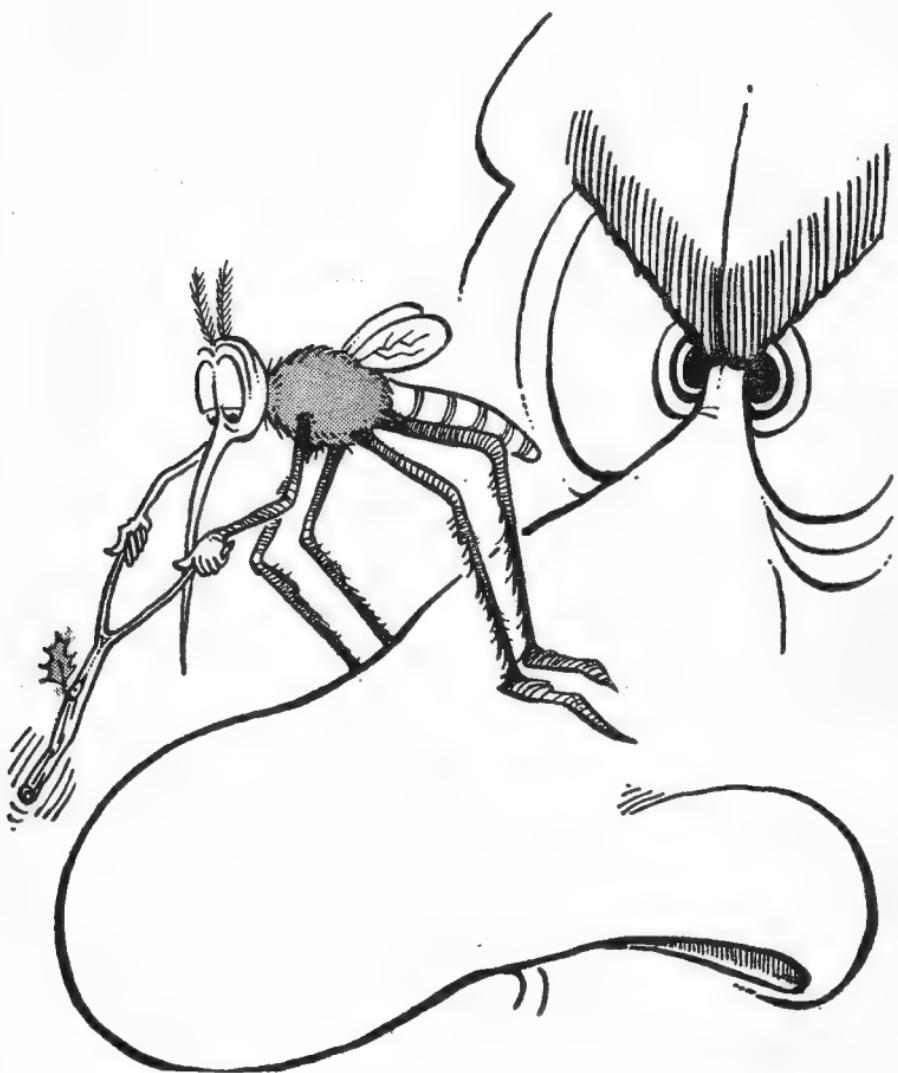


MOSQUITOES

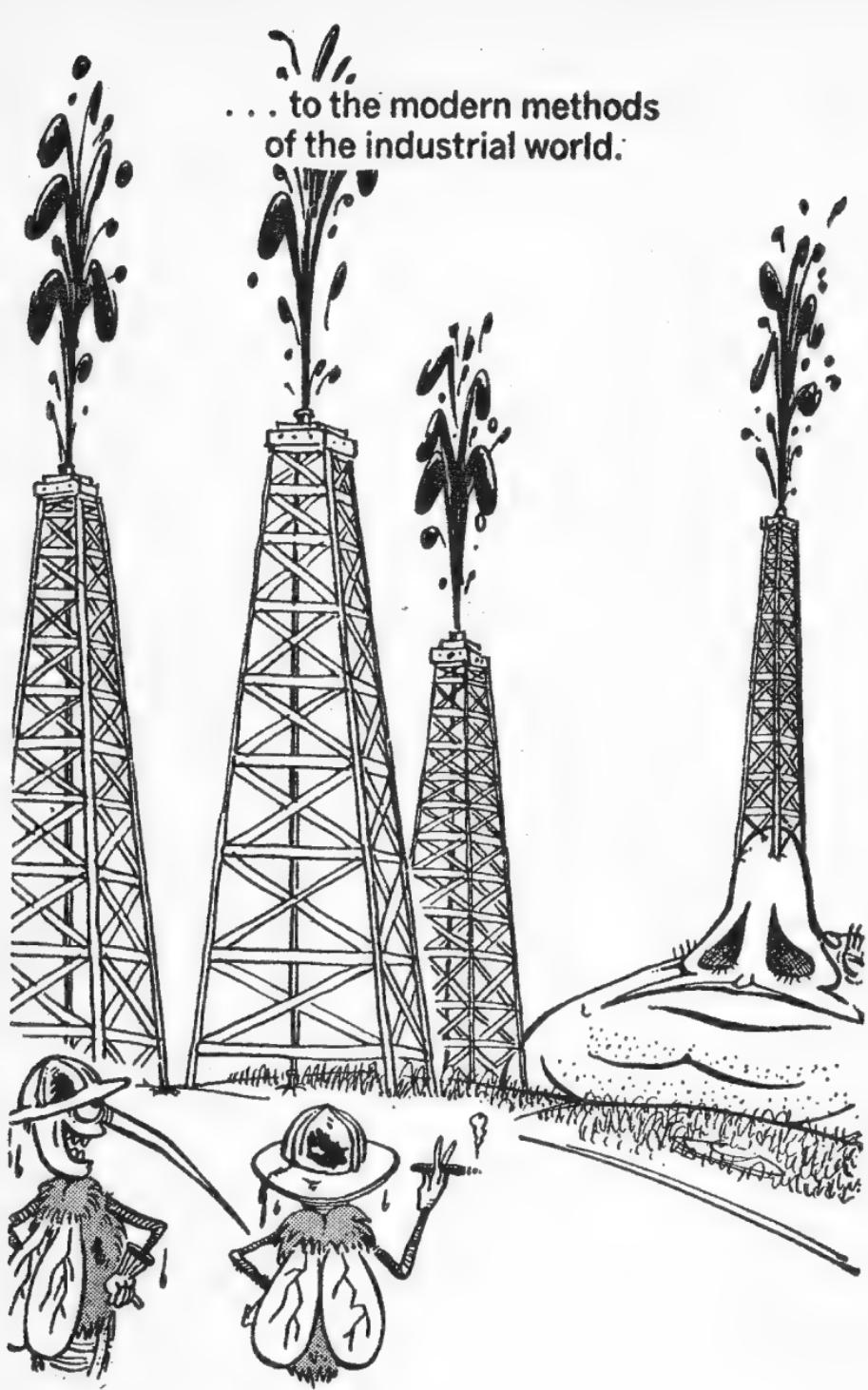
Mosquitoes, as everyone knows, drink blood. They have also been known to suck the juices from the skins of fruit, like apples for example . . . but mostly they are crazy for blood.



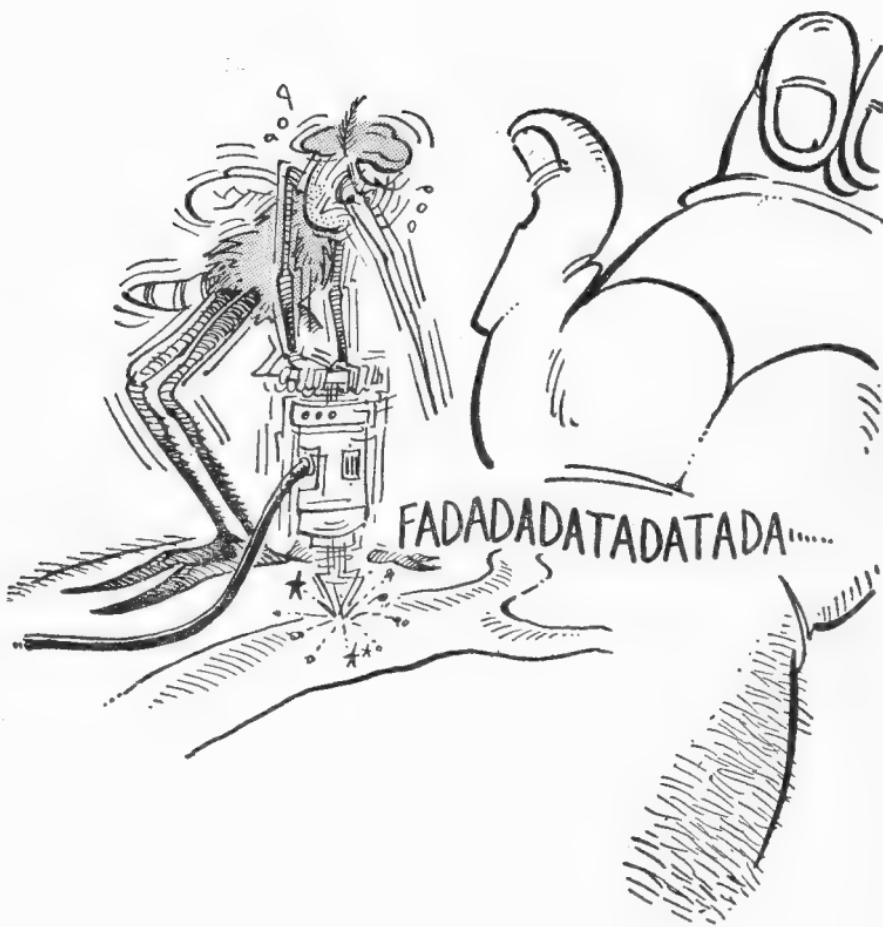
The mosquito's methods for finding and acquiring blood vary greatly. From the old-time methods of his pioneer forefathers . . .



... to the modern methods
of the industrial world.



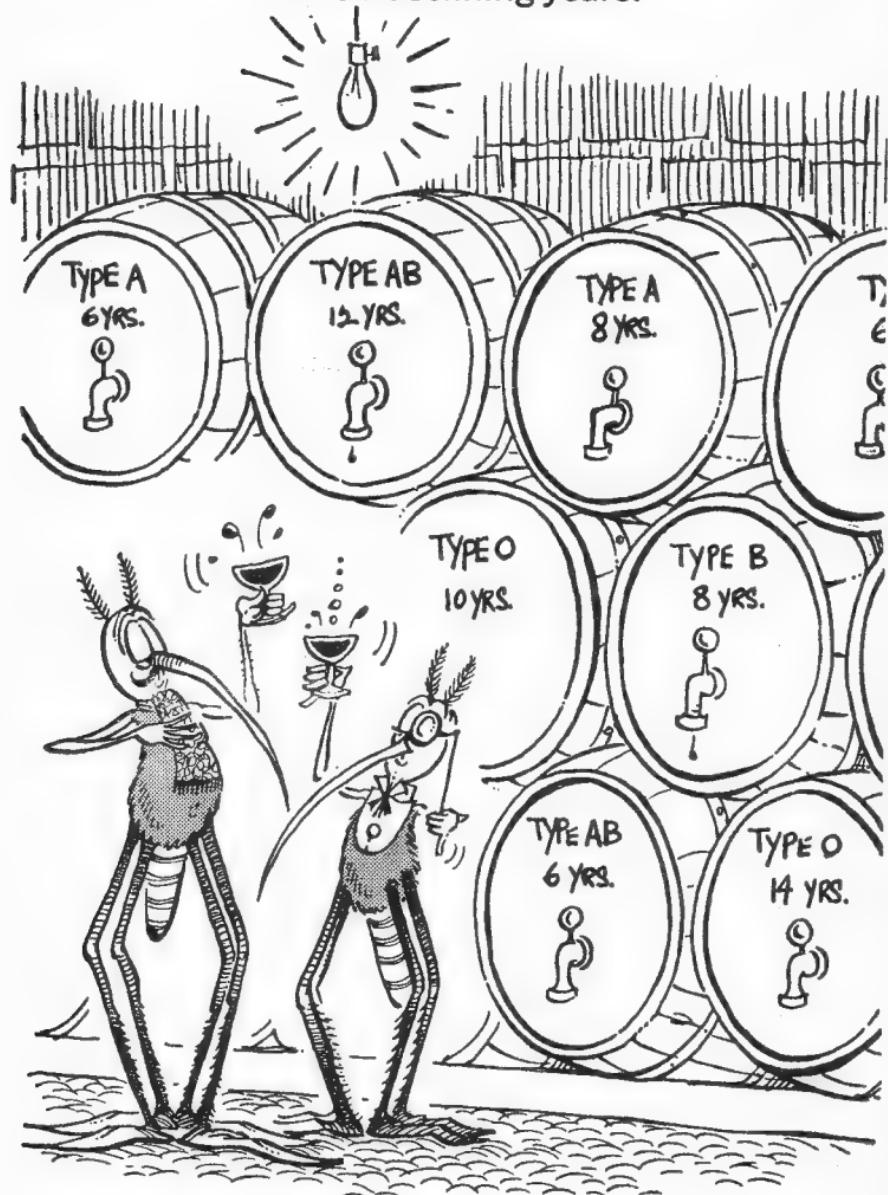
**Mosquitoes are sometimes ingenious in
their ways. Even the human condition of
"Hardened Arteries" will not
deter an enterprising mosquito.**



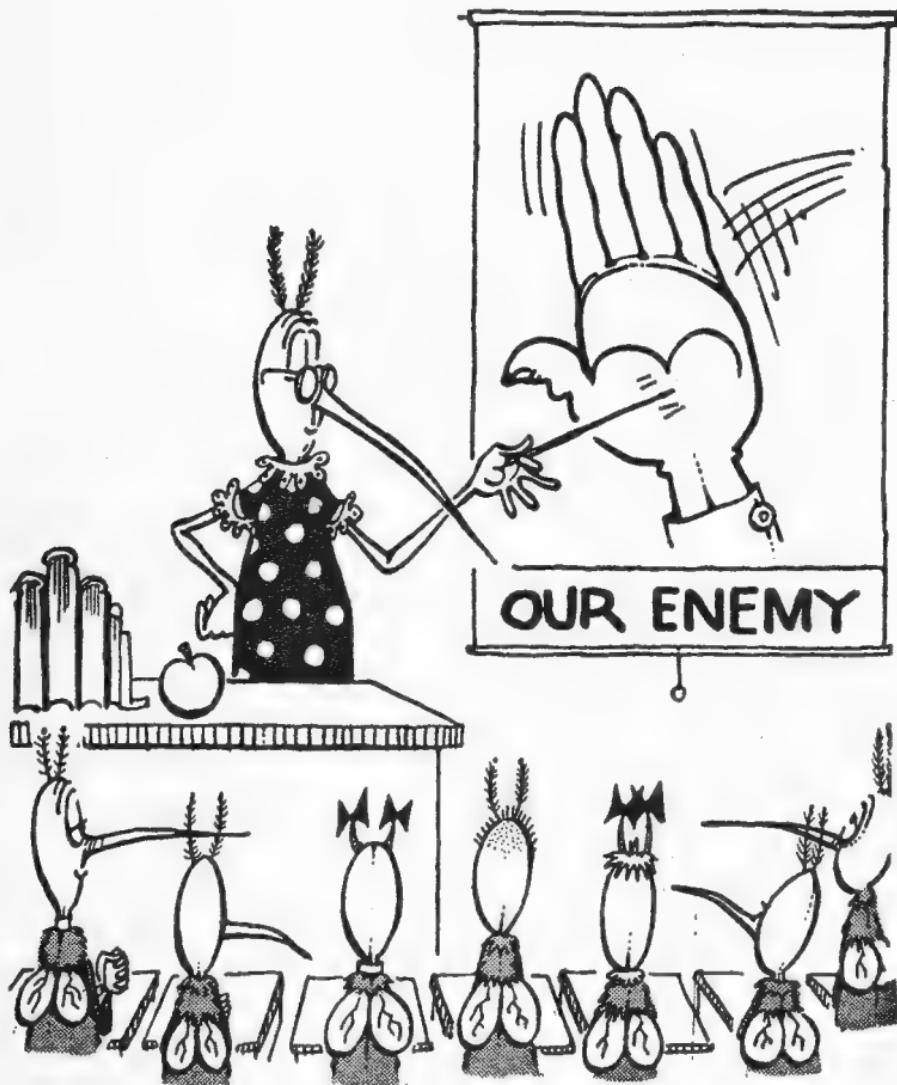
There are some mosquitoes, for example,
who will take the ways of crime . . .



... and there are other mosquitoes who will work hard when they are young in order to be able to afford elegant hobbies in their declining years.



Mosquitoes attend schools while young,
where they are firmly indoctrinated
into their adult life and the menace
that will confront them.



It is in these schools that the mosquito begins to acquire his strong sense of loyalty and national unity

1

And now, children . . . let us all rise and sing our National Anthem . . .

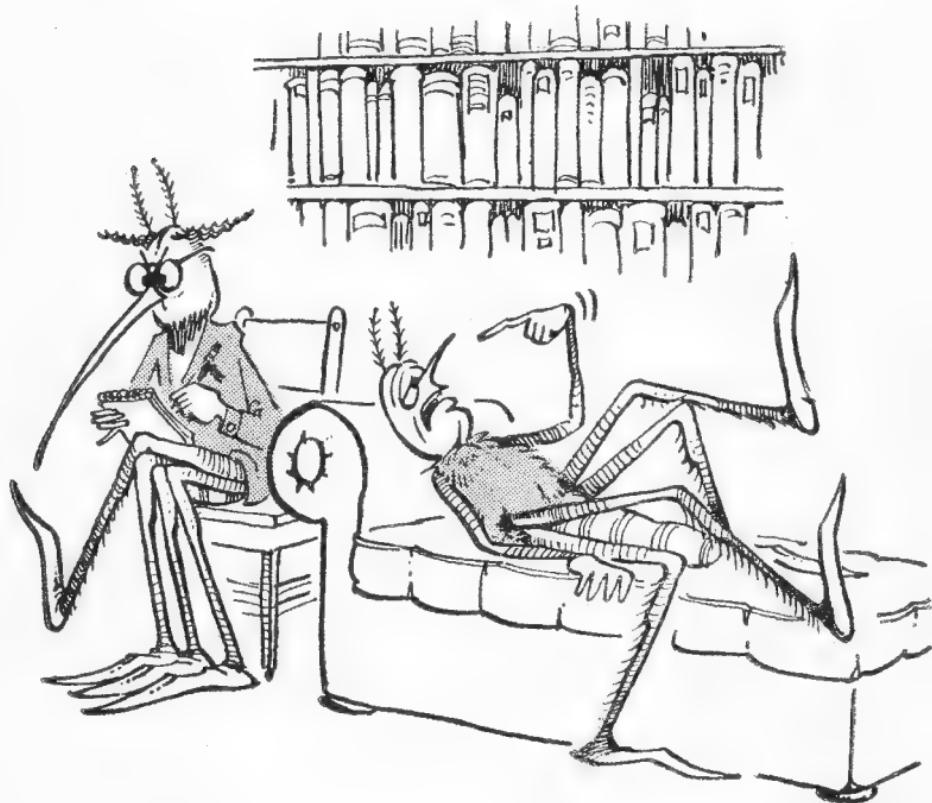


2

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM



**Mosquitoes are extremely nervous, and
many have been known to suffer
greatly from feelings of inadequacy.**



Mating season for the mosquito
is in the Spring, when young love
can be seen budding everywhere.



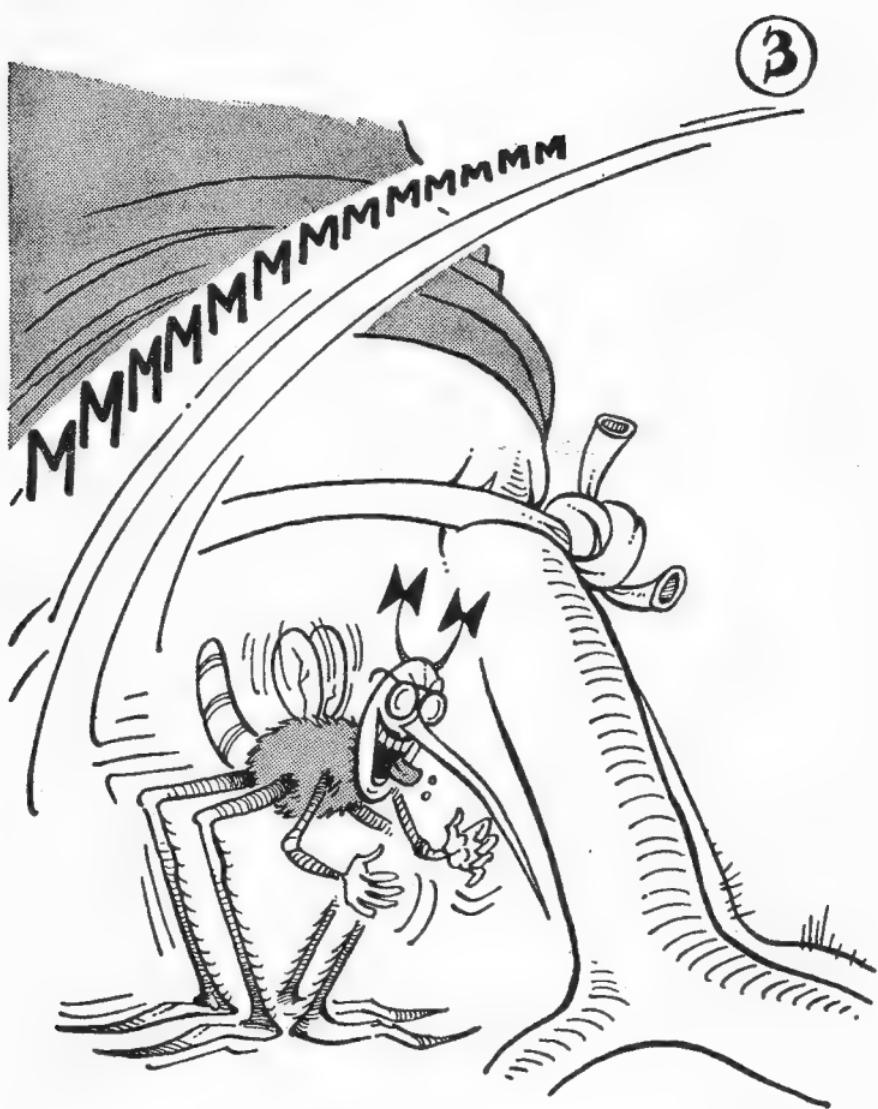
The mosquito world is rich in folklore,
and one of its favorite stories is the one
about the nearsighted maiden who wandered
into a human doctor's office one day . . .

1

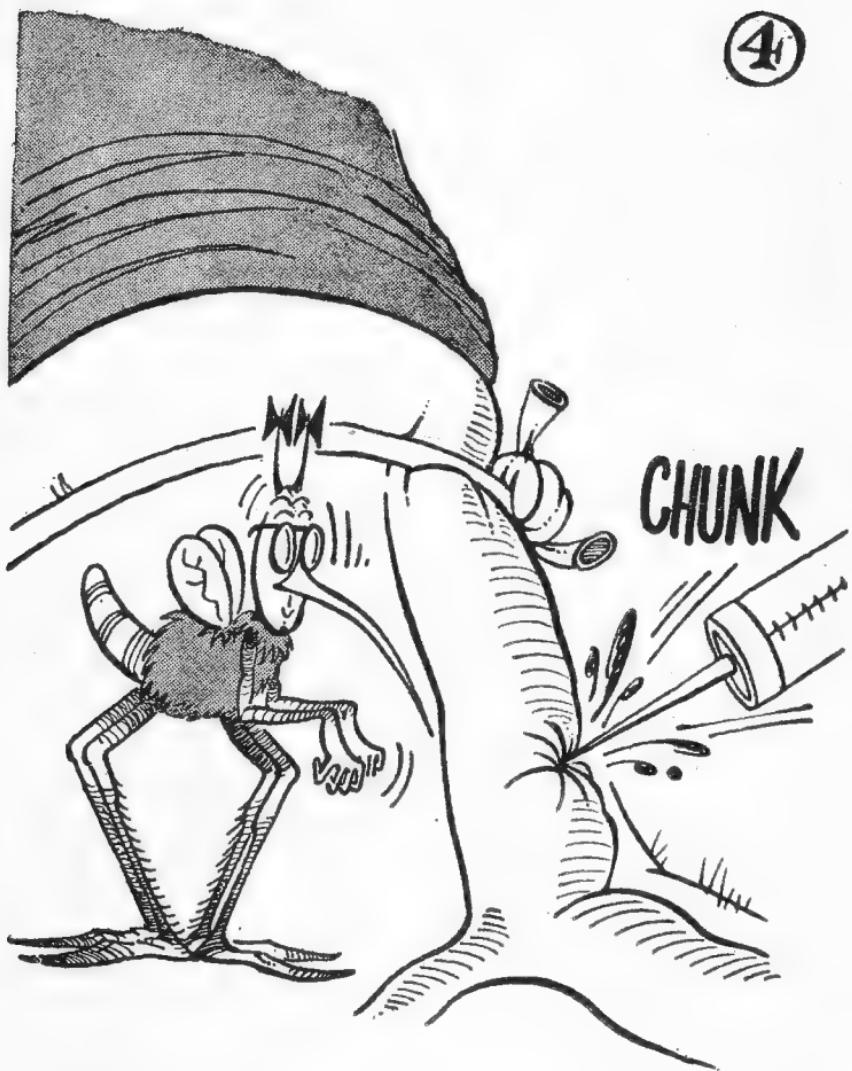


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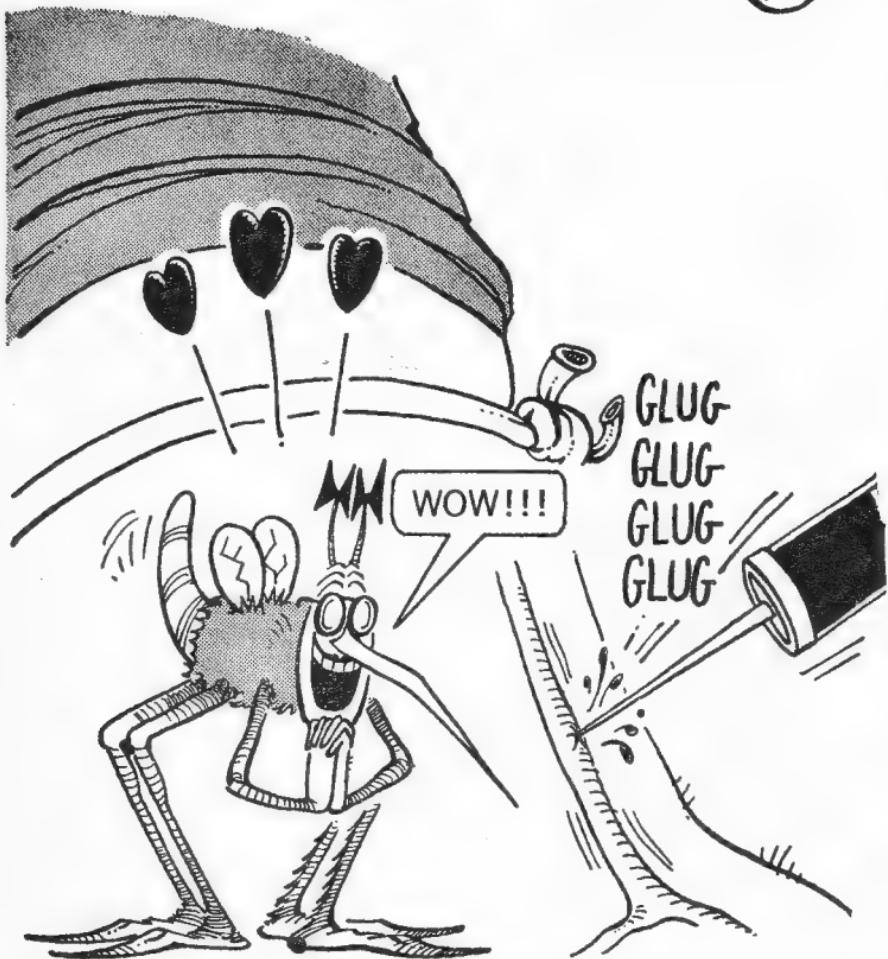




41



5



A
BAD DAY
AT THE
OFFICE











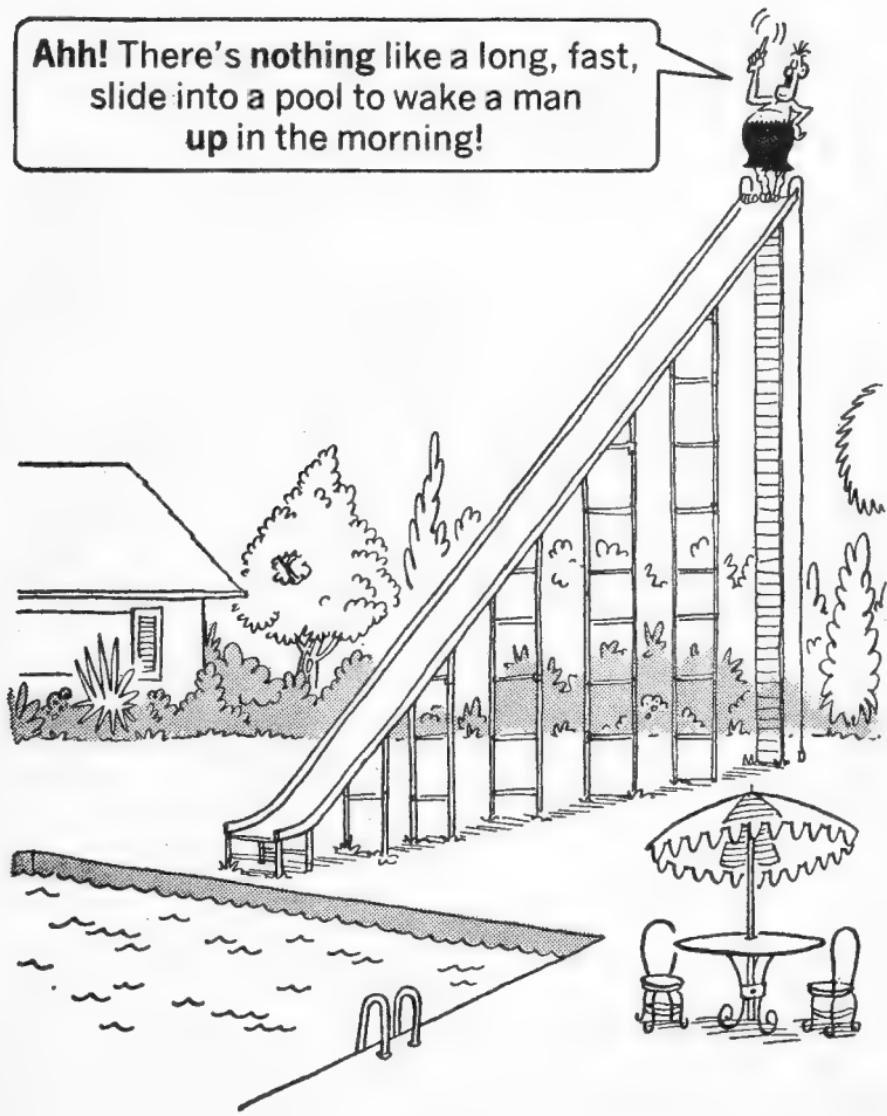


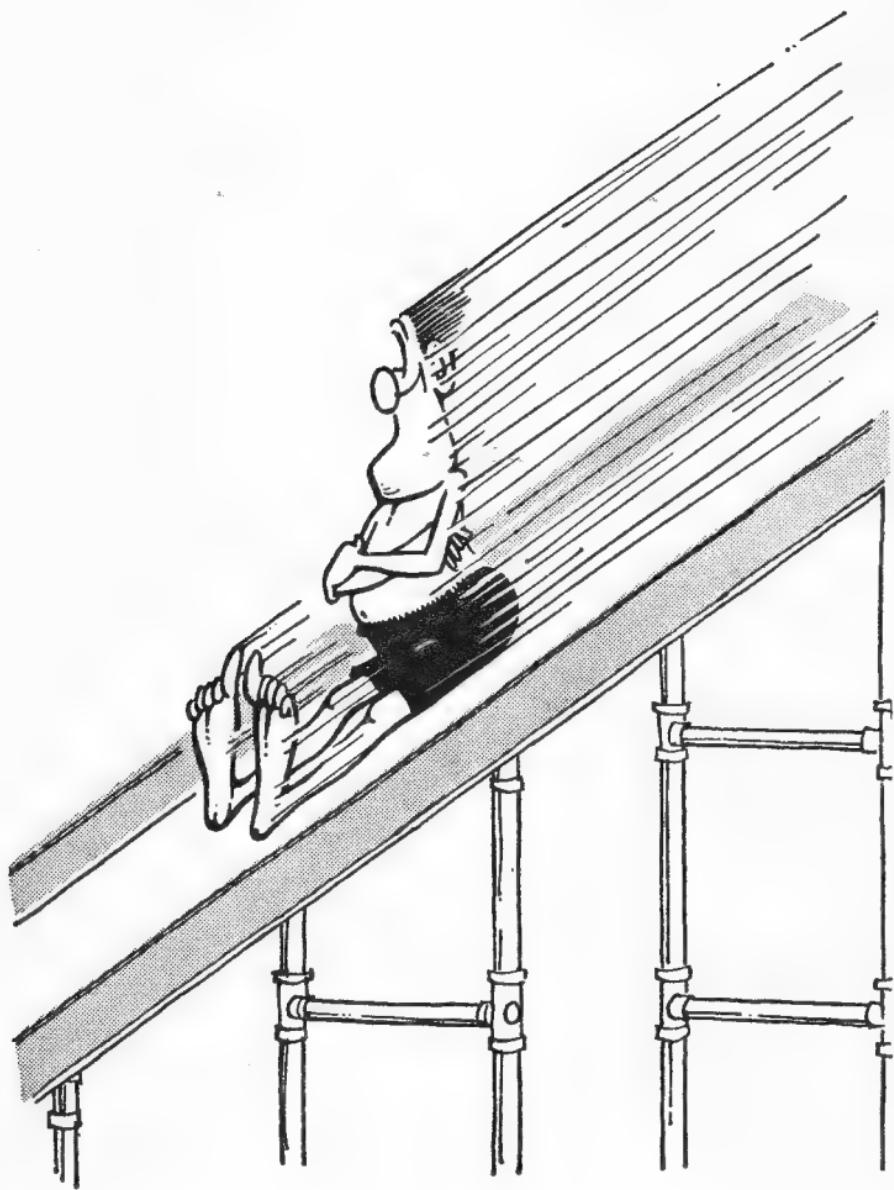


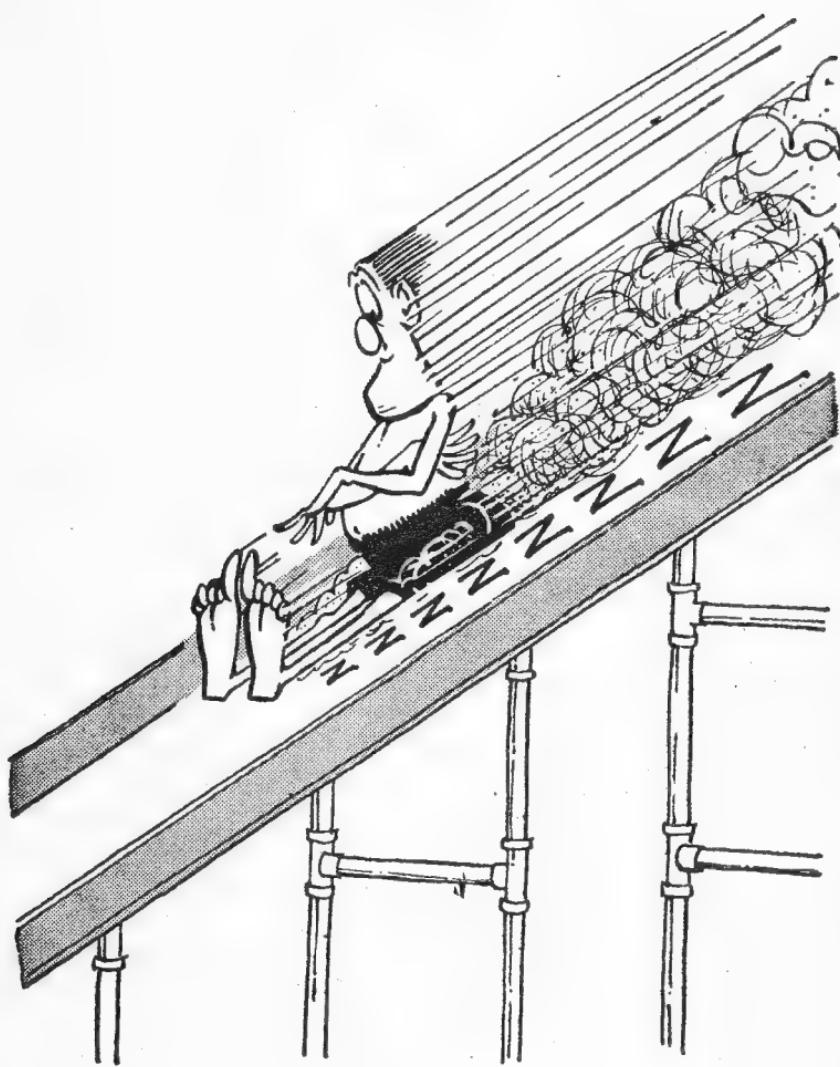


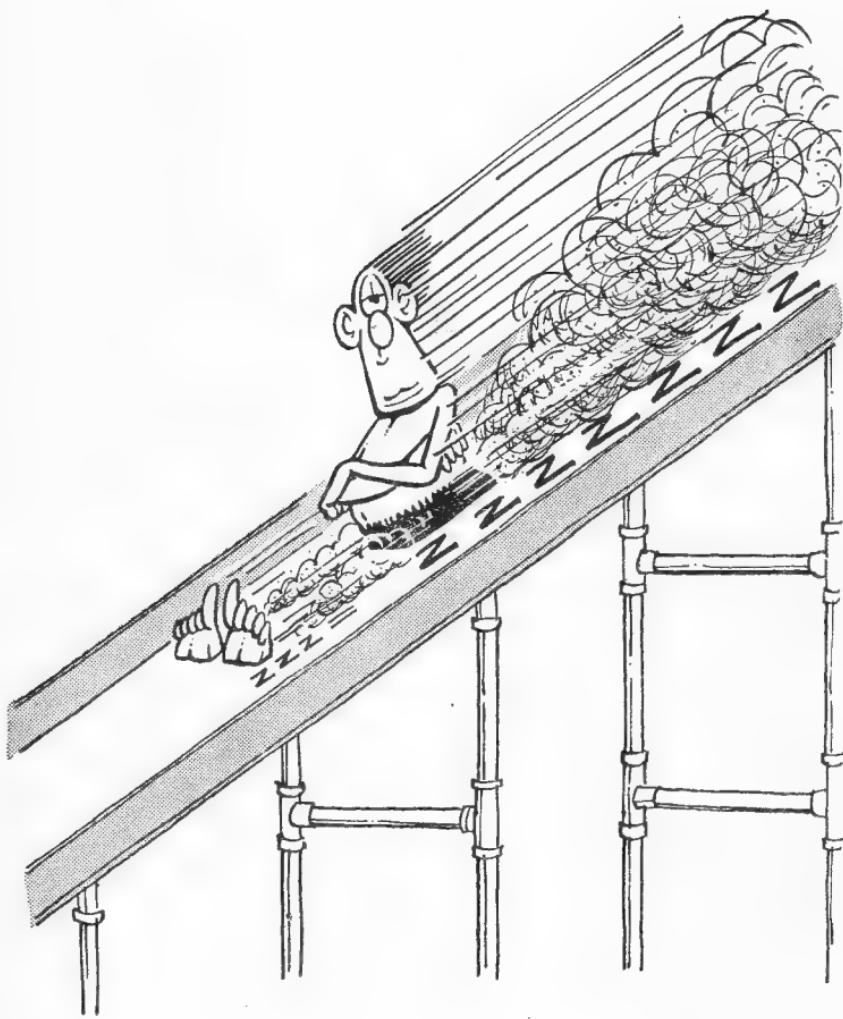
AN EARLY MORNING DIP

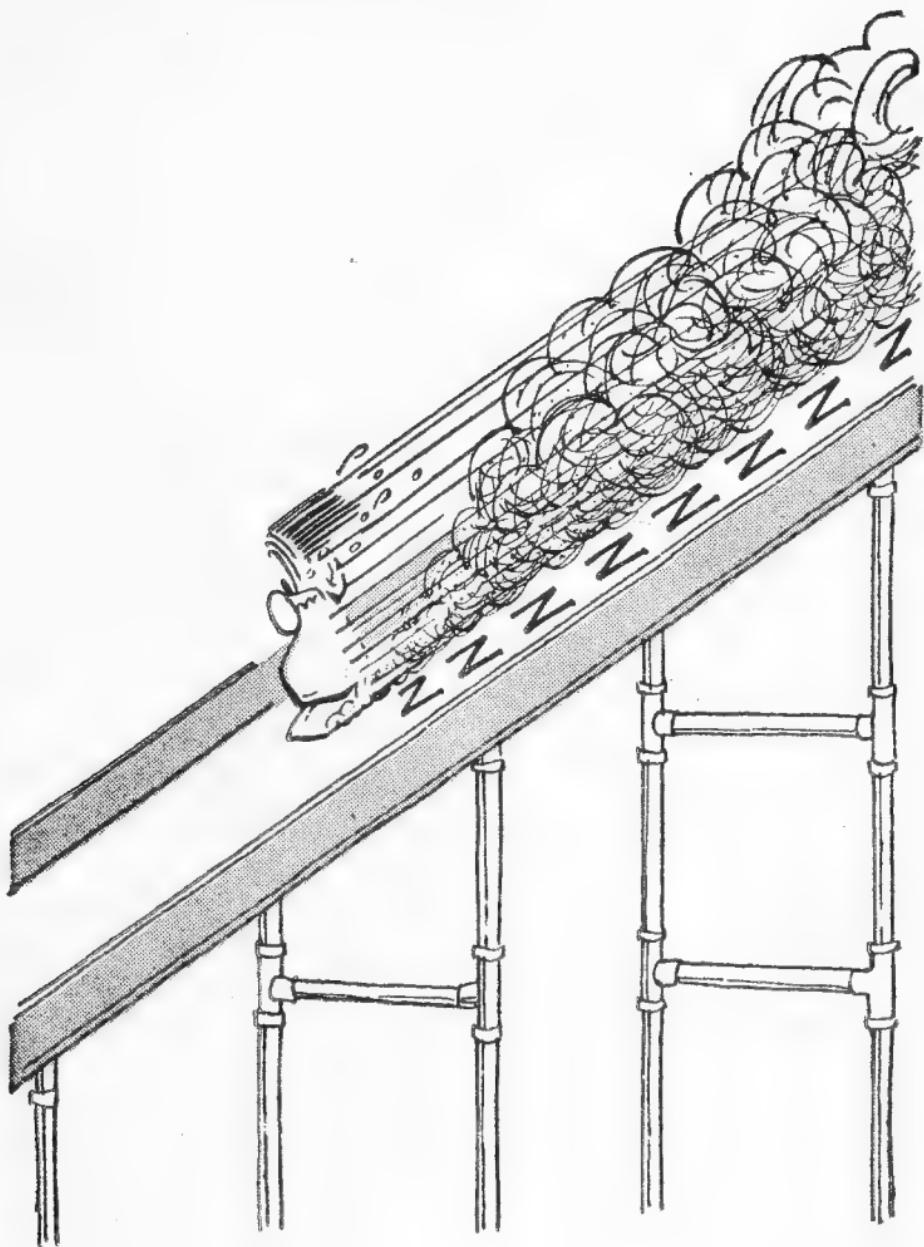
**Ahh! There's nothing like a long, fast,
slide into a pool to wake a man
up in the morning!**

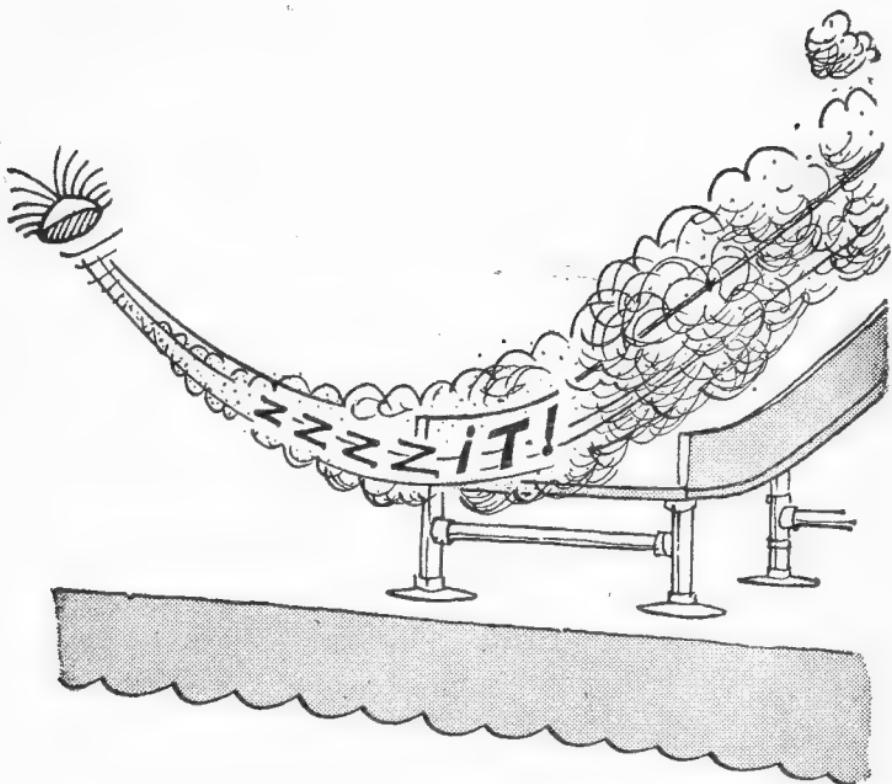




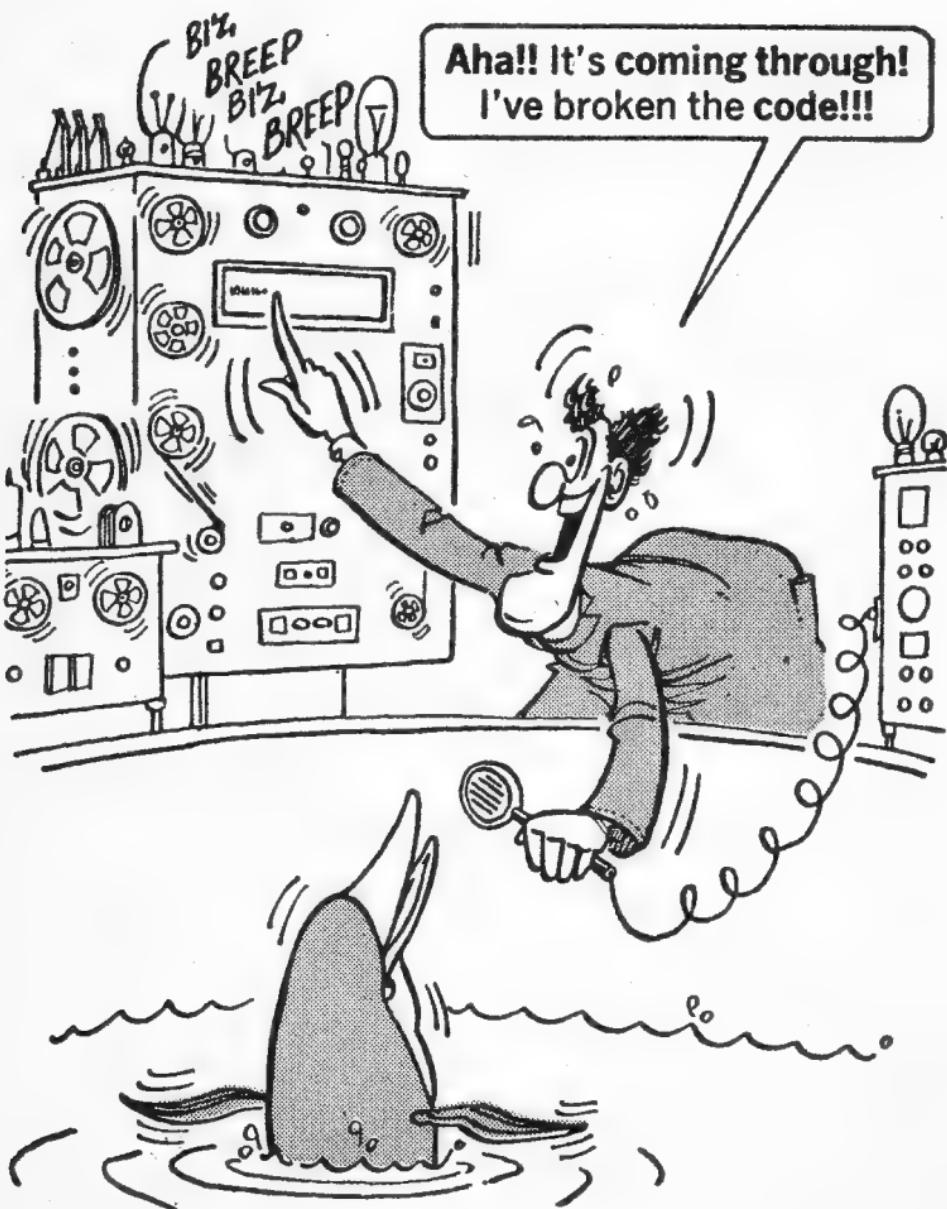




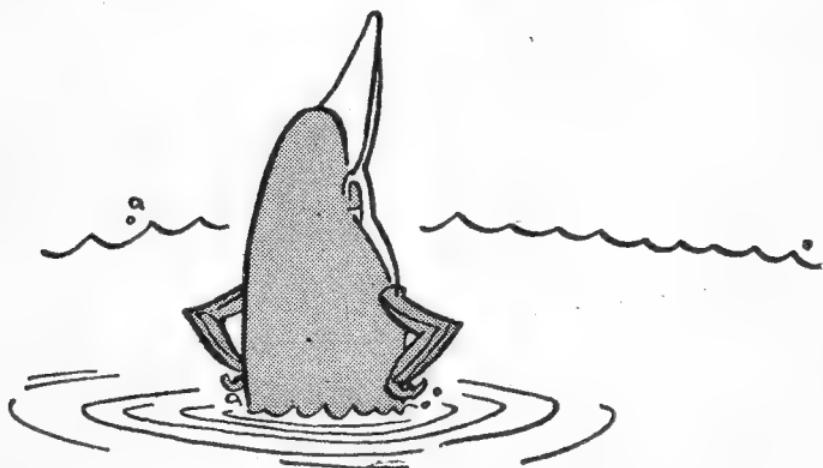
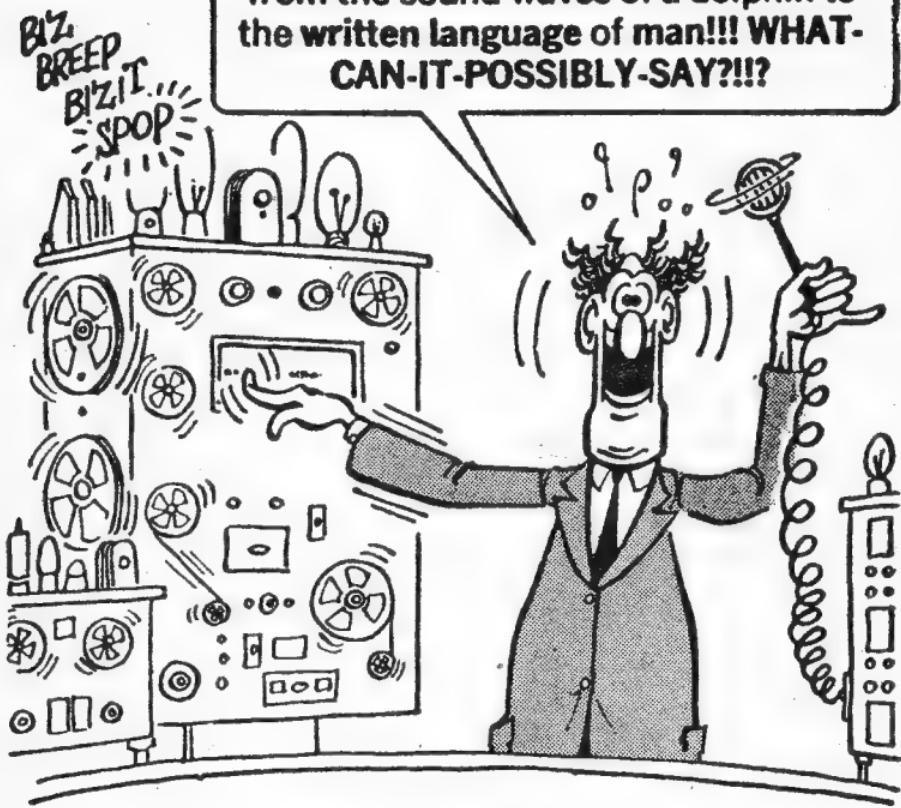


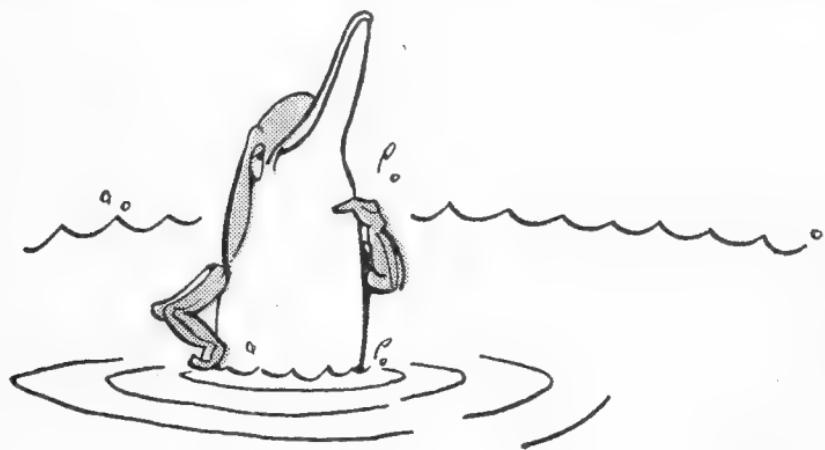


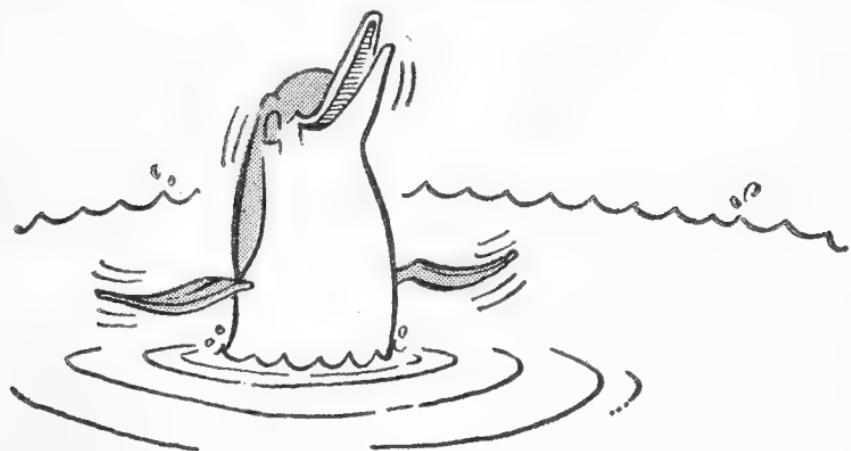
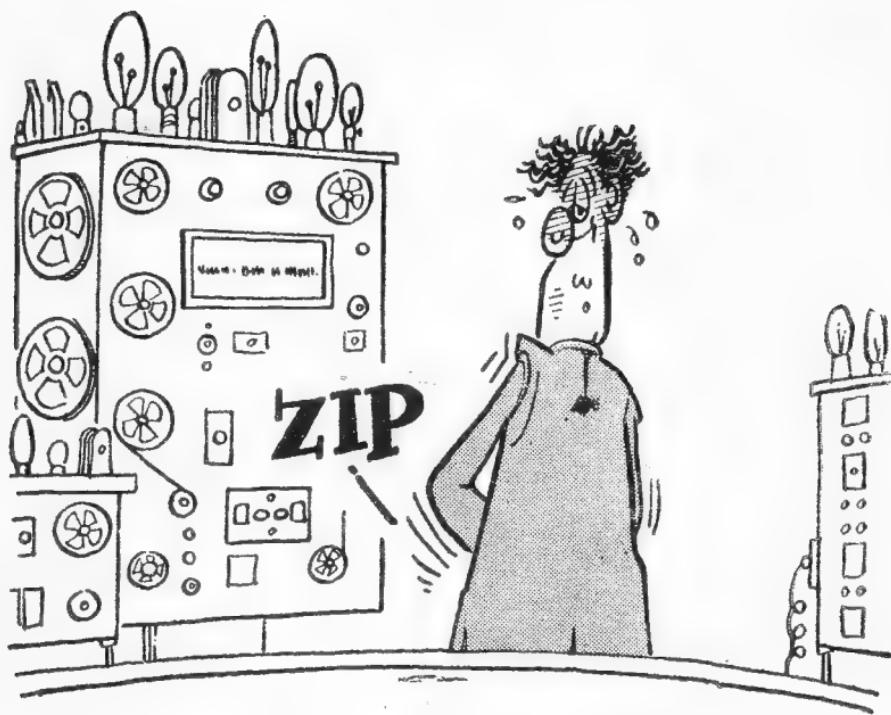
MAN'S COMMUNICATION WITH A DOLPHIN



**I'VE GOT IT!! The very first translation
from the sound waves of a dolphin to
the written language of man!!! WHAT-
CAN-IT-POSSIBLY-SAY!!!?**







THE HAIR













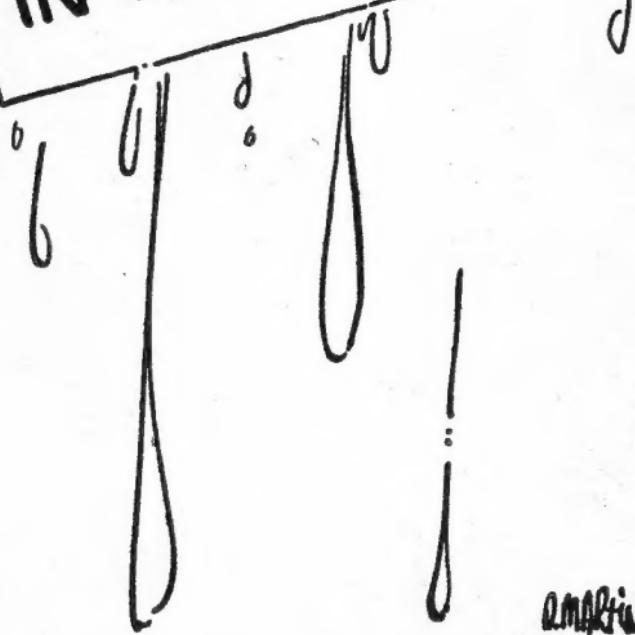








THIS IS THE
LONGEST HAIR
IN THE WORLD



americus

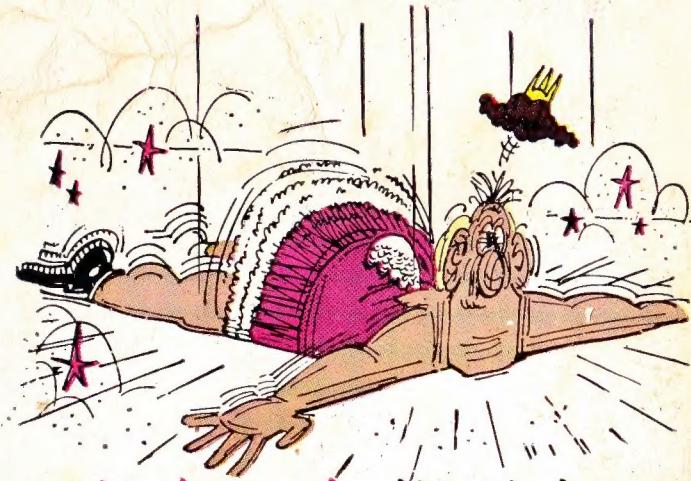
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Don Martin

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...bounces off your funnybone...



...and makes another big splash on
THE ILL-LITERARY SCENE!

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